

**How will the
new government
and the new
season change
your TV?**

BY ERIC HUTTON

How to take the worry out of motoring with kids

THE EDITOR OF PUNCH IN DEFENSE OF BAD TASTE

MACLEAN'S

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MACLEAN'S

PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- ✓ Can chemists take the cancer out of smoking?
- ✓ New home on a swivel will follow the sun
- ✓ Adele Wiseman's next: a story on horror camps

WANT TO NAME A STREET? Just send your idea to the Department of External Affairs, Ottawa. Mexico City has asked the government to provide the names of four top Canadian educators for new streets. So far we've told them about Egerton Ryerson and Jean Baptiste Meilleur, fathers of modern Ontario and Quebec education. They still need two more to satisfy their system of naming streets after famous scholars.

"ANTI-CANCER" CIGARETTES are exciting European tobacco makers, recently deflated by the British Medical Council's harsh warning that one in eight heavy smokers will probably die a cancer victim. Five French chemists claim to have discovered a chemical that takes cancer-causing agents out of cigarette paper and tobacco.

PREVIEWING THE HOME: A cottage on a turntable to follow the sun is being displayed by Macy's, New York, for summer living. It's built around a central aluminum column, has peaked aluminum roof with glass walls that swing open to the outdoors. . . . **King-size sofas** are being built to satisfy people with king-size living rooms. Some displayed at Vancouver and Chicago summer shows are eight feet long; longer sofas are replacing sectional pieces. . . . **You can light up your floor** if you use a new marble-like vinyl tile made in Alabama but recently shown in Vancouver. It's translucent; also suitable for walls and tabletops.



NEXT PROJECT FOR ADELE WISEMAN, whose first novel, *The Sacrifice*, has already won her five awards or fellowships (including \$3,700 cash), will probably be a semi-fictional documentary of an era in the Dos Passos manner. The era is the concentration-camp reign of the Nazis; the subjects, the conquered people of Europe; the setting, most of Europe. The Winnipeg girl is off to Europe now for research; she plans to continue her investigations in New York and Washington libraries in the winter and then go to Israel in the spring for more research.

CHEAPER ROADS and fewer rattles in your car may be possible if a chemical found to resist frost damage in railway roadbeds works as well on Canadian streets and highways. A Montreal chemical firm, working with CNR engineers and a University of Alberta research team, has found that injecting roadbeds with **Lignosol**, a by-product in the manufacture of sulphite pulp, greatly reduces heaving due to frost. It could cut in half the cost of building streets and highways by eliminating the need for the 6-to-8-inch concrete road base generally used to combat frost damage.

FASTER COAL DELIVERY is being planned by pipeline (the coal's mixed with water). World's first test was made recently through a 108-mile pipe from Georgetown, Ohio, to Cleveland. In Canada's Maritimes the Dominion Steel and Coal Co. has toyed with the same technique for the past six years, but there are economic barriers. Practical limit of the pipe is about 100 miles, and there's no market big enough that close to Maritimes mine heads to warrant the cost.

PREVIEWING WEATHER: Some of your August week ends are going to be wet. Long-range forecast for Maclean's Preview by Weather Engineering Corporation of Canada sees above-average rainfall for the west, average for the east, though a little drier in Maritimes. Here's the regional picture: **B.C.**—cool, intermittent rain, stormy on Aug. 3 week end; **Prairies**—cool in Alberta and Saskatchewan, warmer in Manitoba, wet on July 27 week end and probably Aug. 3; **Ontario and Quebec**—warm but with rain on July 27, Aug. 3 and Aug. 10 week ends, otherwise nice; **Maritimes**—cool and drier than other parts of country.

WATCH FOR A HOLLYWOOD BLITZ HERE / HIT BY SHATNER NEW MOON IN SKY / BLOOD IN BRITISH FILMS



Leo Dolan William Shatner

MEN TO WATCH: **Leo Dolan**, former Canadian tourist chief who is now selling Canada in Hollywood. As our consul-general in Los Angeles he's touting Canadian scenery to film makers, looking for Canadian stories for the films, plugging Canadian talent. He helped found the Canadian Co-operation Project which since 1948 has smuggled 1,200 Canadian scenes and stories onto U.S. screens. His top triumphs: Niagara, with Marilyn Monroe, and Saskatchewan. . . . **William Shatner**, Montreal actor and playwright who left the Stratford Festival for a contract with MGM. His first film will be *The Brothers Karamazov*, Dostoyevsky's earthy masterpiece.

BOOKS TO WATCH: *The Making of a Moon*, in which scientist Arthur Clarke tells what we can expect from a

satellite to be launched into outer space from Florida next July. Example: above the equator it could relay TV signals to the whole world—minus sound static and screen "snowstorms." . . . **The Black Cloud**, in which the controversial British astronomer Fred Hoyle presents you with a cloud with a brain and shows how it can rule you. "There's nothing here that couldn't happen," says Hoyle, who back in 1951 shocked CBC listeners and brought protests from Catholic organizations with his programs on the nature of the universe.

MOVIES TO WATCH: British films are swinging away from wispy vicar-in-the-pub stories to blood, disaster and adventure. Here are some: J. Arthur Rank is making: Dickens' *A Tale of Two Cities*, with Dirk Bogarde playing Sydney Carton; *A Night to Remember*, the minute-by-minute narrative of the sinking of the Titanic, and *Across the Bridge*, a swashbuckler set in Mexico with Hollywood's Rod Steiger the star. In the same style is *The One That Got Away*, the adventures of German escape artist Franz von Werra which appeared first in Maclean's (Oct. 27, 1956). He jumped to freedom from a Canadian prison train. A German star, Hardy Kruger, plays Von Werra.

READY FOR FLU Labs pour out vaccine for fall fight

In one month (Oct. 1918) Spanish flu killed 1,000 people a day in Canada. Scientists don't know what caused it. One in six Canadians had it and 40,000 died from it. In the world 20 million perished. Next to the Plague of 542 and Black Death of 1348 it was mankind's worst scourge.—A Maclean's Flashback.

World scientists are again preparing to battle flu, and they still don't know much about their enemy. This one's called Singapore flu—that's where it hit hardest last spring when it spread through eastern Asia. It's expected to reach Europe and North America this fall with cooler weather.

How well are we prepared? Vaccine is being produced at a prodigious rate.

In Britain, the famous Wright-Fleming Institute, which discovered penicillin, has made summer-long tests. In

the U.S., another vaccine tested by the National Institute of Health is being distributed. In Canada, Connaught Laboratories of Toronto hope to have one by September.

Inoculation guards against flu, but once you get it there's no known cure. Antibiotics or penicillin won't work. One comfort is that the present virus, so far, is comparatively mild. It hits hard, with severe headache and high fever, but passes in a day or two.

Scientists hope it stays that way, for they suspect flu virus is subject to regular, and often frightening, change. The last was in 1947, others in 1929 and 1918. They think the new virus may be one that caused the great pandemic of 1889. Antibodies against Singapore flu have been found in the blood of older people who survived that scourge.

NEW BLOOMS How next summer's garden may look

PLANT RESEARCH EXPERTS have almost finished growing your next year's garden. Here are some of the blooms and tricks they think you'll go for:

Petunias: Big hit this year was the Red Satin; now they've developed Pink Satin, Peach Satin and Blue Lustre, which fills a notorious color void in the family. Though they're single petunias, they're larger, more richly colored than previous strains and—with a gaudy plant spread of 24 inches—resemble the double varieties.

Marigolds: New additions in the double-dwarf range—easy to grow, spectacular in borders—are Petite Gold, Petite Orange and Petite Harmony, a blend of the other two. They won the All-America Selection Award for Denholm of Los Angeles this year.

Verbenas: Most Canadian gardeners reject them as "too slow and too tricky" but the same Denholm has de-

veloped a Sparkle Mixed (white, blue and red) that survives chilly spring nights and germinates in 21 days.

Daisies: Showpiece produced by Burpee of Philadelphia is Gloriosa, vivid bronze-red blossom with a black throat. Plant grows to a height of three feet.

Big news in fertilizers of course is gibberellic acid. Sprayed on, it trebles plant size in a few days, but not roots. "Who wants an African violet two feet high?" scoffs one scientist. The fact is that the acid greatly stimulates stem and leaf, but not root or bloom.

To keep your cut flowers: University of Manitoba scientists, studying plant rust, have found a chemical that, added to water, keeps plants alive and healthy for a month.

To watch your garden's grandeur: Sit in new German-made furniture with inflatable plastic upholstery that collapses and rolls up like a bed sheet.—MCKENZIE PORTER

BACKSTAGE IN LONDON

WITH BLAIR FRASER

John's speeches on empire trade were music to Britons' ears, but action on them is still unlikely



LONDON

One of John Diefenbaker's first acts as prime minister of Canada was to show the world where Canada stands in the only grave and deep division within the Commonwealth. He lined up instantly on the side of human equality, the common and equal humanity of all races, creeds and colors.

That may sound like a platitude but in this case it's a lot more. Before the prime ministers' conference opened there was much talk and active lobbying in London for a new kind of Commonwealth organization. It was to become a two-tiered group, with an inner circle of those who "owe allegiance to the queen" (and who happen by coincidence to be white) and an outer group of grade B members, African and Asian. Some quite eminent Australians were seriously pushing this proposal.

Prime Minister Diefenbaker made no mention of it in public or in private either, so far as reporters could learn. He just happened to make his first call in the United Kingdom the very day he arrived, on Dr. Nkrumah, the new and coal-black prime minister of Ghana. Then he just happened to devote most of his first public speech as prime minister—an unscripted talk to Commonwealth journalists—to the warmest possible

welcome to the new African dominion. To him, he said, the accession of Ghana to full membership in the Commonwealth fulfilled a dream that first came to him forty years ago when as a young officer on leave he sat in the gallery of the British House of Commons.

To the Canadian reporters who'd heard him say this kind of thing hundreds of times it sounded commonplace. But to the Indians, Pakistani and Africans who made up a big chunk of his audience that day it was one of the big stories of the conference. To another and much more publicized Diefenbaker utterance, the suggestion of a Commonwealth trade conference next year, the British reaction was mixed.

To read the Beaverbrook press and the Daily Mail you'd think the entire nation was jumping for joy and hailing John Diefenbaker himself (in the Daily Mail's own words) as "the strong man of the Commonwealth." This somewhat exaggerates the facts. But also and perhaps equally exaggerated are the reports that the British government is merely embarrassed and wishes the whole thing had never come up. "The people really embarrassed," an English-

man said with a faintly malicious twinkle, "are your Canadian officials. For twenty years they have been preaching to us the true milk of the word on freedom of trade. They have scolded us a bit self-righteously, we felt, for sins and heresies like imperial preference. Now they are having to make a rather painful adjustment."

One such Canadian, in a chat with a British colleague before the prime ministers' conference began, said: "Of course we shall have to tell our new government that this talk about Commonwealth trade is just an embarrassment to you British."

"Why not let us tell them ourselves?" the British replied. "Maybe we aren't as embarrassed as you all seem to think we are."

Another Whitehall official gave what seemed to be a pretty general view: "We are all delighted at the spirit of the Diefenbaker speeches, the friendly tone. To hear the Canadians of all people suddenly talking about building up the Commonwealth and having closer ties and more co-operation—we like it. It's music in our ears. We'd be most unhappy if anyone got the impression that we don't appreciate it because we do."

What does embarrass us a bit though is the fact that your prime minister hasn't yet made himself clear. The impression has gone abroad that he has made some definite proposals to the rest of us, but so far he hasn't. We are left in a slight dilemma. If we're silent we seem to be snubbing a friendly approach on his part. On the other hand we can't rush out and welcome proposals without having some idea what they are. I'm sure our government would welcome a conference if it had some clearly defined objective and some hope of success. But I must say I doubt that they would want to meet just for the sake of meeting."

On the day he left London the prime minister promised "within the next two weeks" to formulate a definite plan and lay it before the Commonwealth governments. Perhaps he will have done so even before these words appear. But when the London conference ended after ten days of "full and frank exchange of views" the puzzled British still didn't know exactly what he was talking about.

There was one other embarrassing feature in the Diefenbaker talk about a trade conference.

The whole topic has given a new talking point to the arch-imperialists of the British Conservative party, like the League of Empire Loyalists. For months these people had been emitting alarmed cries at the growing talk about the European common market and the free-trade area that Britain hopes to build around it. Now they have something more to fuss about.

It is the firm policy of the Macmillan government in Britain to foster the unity of Western Europe. In spite of anxiety over what it might do to British trade Britain has supported the plan for a common market, a customs union that would wipe out tariff barriers among France, West Germany, Italy and the three Benelux countries and erect a single uniform tariff wall around all six of them against the rest of the world.

Britain is trying to set up a free-trade area around this central common market made up of friendly neighbors like herself and the Scandinavian countries, in which the partner nations would have free trade with each other but would each retain its own tariff with other countries. (Britain would exclude farm products too.)

British officials say there is no reason why Britain cannot enter such a free-trade area without disturbing Commonwealth trade relations and imperial preferences. Some even think the Commonwealth trade arrangements might be a help in negotiating the free-trade area.

But there are many in Britain who are afraid of the whole thing and who want Britain to stay out at any price. For these people it is political tactics to shout that "the Empire" is being threatened by all this newfangled talk about European unity. Until the Conservatives won the Canadian election they had some difficulty finding new things to say about "the Empire."

To them the Diefenbaker suggestion for a Commonwealth trade conference is a godsend. That is one reason why he got such an almost hysterical welcome from a section of the British press. It may also be one reason why in the official communique of the prime ministers' conference there is no mention of his proposal from beginning to end. ★



BACKSTAGE OUTDOORS

Now Ontario's raising BC salmon, but will the fish raise families there?

IF EXPERIMENTS IN THE streams and rivers of northern Ontario work out Ontario's anglers may soon be able to catch B.C. salmon without going all the way to the west coast.

Since 1955 biologists of the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests have been planting salmon eggs and fingerlings in waters draining into James Bay and Hudson Bay—mainly in the Attawapiskat which pours into the western depths of James Bay. Now they're waiting to see if the salmon, which go out to sea for two to five years before returning to spawn, actually come back.

The biologists know from reports furnished by Indians that the eggs, planted from low-flying planes, did hatch, and the fingerlings survived and left the streams for their sojourn in the ocean. The theory is that they swim through the Arctic to either Atlantic or Pacific—the scientists don't try to guess which. But if the fish follow the schedule of their west-coast ancestors the first should be back late this month or next.

The stakes resting on their return are sizeable. They were planted to improve living for northern Indians, who now

earn a meagre living trapping. But if the experiment succeeds it could open up commercial and sports-fishing industries. The streams are only a few hours by air from major Ontario cities, though planes would be the only convenient means of access at present.

Even if the tests work out, however, anglers may have to wait awhile. The planted salmon is Pacific pink, not the most desirable for sports fishing. But Ontario Lands and Forests Minister Clare Mapledoram says other varieties may be introduced. Meanwhile the areas are closed to non-resident angling.

What's the betting on the salmon setting up new swimming grounds? "We're not betting," says H. H. MacKay, supervisor of Ontario game fish and hatcheries, "just hoping."—FRANKLIN RUSSELL

Background

- ✓ Gals boss in business too
- ✓ Ex-logger now Tito's aide
- ✓ Frogs a \$50,000 windfall

Who's growing faster, the U.S. or Canada? In most respects, we are: recent analysis of 120 economic yardsticks spanning 1946-56 shows Canadians' personal income up 123 percent, Americans' up 80 percent; Canadian population up 31 percent, U.S. up 19 percent. But their increase in manufacturing is 60 percent compared with our 51 percent.

Some people scoffed when Dr. Otto Strasser launched his German Social Union—patterned on the Nazis—after fourteen years in Canadian exile. Here's a progress report: Strasser, who quarreled with Hitler and lived from 1941 to 1955 in Paradise, N.S., now has 2,000 party members in 402 German cities and towns. First party congress recently was held in a Bavarian pub (so was Hitler's); party symbol is the hammer and sword (Hitler's, the swastika); members wear black shirts (so did Hitler's).



Strasser

More Canadian women are working outside the home than ever before—an unprecedented one in four members of our labor force is a woman. Thirty percent of the working women are in clerical jobs, but there are more women in the professions than in manufacturing and one in ten Canadian managers or executives is a woman. Two out of five working women are married.

Hot spot in Marshal Tito's Yugoslavia is Rijeka, city of 73,000 on the Dalmatian seacoast; mayor — Edo Jarda. He's the same Ed Yardash who was a logger in B.C., student at UBC and editor of a Red Yugoslav paper in Toronto. He grew up with Tito, emigrated to Canada, lost a leg in the Spanish civil war, returned to Canada to become an editor, then went back to Yugoslavia when Tito split with Stalin. He's been ambassador to India and the Scandinavian countries. One job he refused: Col. Nicolai Zabolotin's offer to spy for Russia in Canada during the war.

New crop for Manitoba farmers: frogs! Last year they picked \$30,000 worth, chiefly in the inter-lake district between Lakes Manitoba and Winnipeg, and they expect to hit \$50,000 this year. Some families make \$100 a day. They sell them for food (frogs' legs) and for use in hospital tests.

Use of credit cards to buy almost anything has spread so fast that one New York banker has an ice-cream soda every day in a Madison Ave. restaurant on his card and at the other extreme a new firm will finance expeditions up to an African safari, at \$60,000, including guns, guides, porters and tents, on a credit card. The reason for the increase in popularity of credit cards isn't that merchants are trying to be nice. They've found that you spend 20 percent more than when you use cash.

Backstage WITH TEEN-AGERS / Are we too soft with our juvenile law-breakers?

THE CHIEFS OF POLICE in two major Canadian cities, alarmed by increases in juvenile crime, have made a drastic and controversial suggestion to the courts that juveniles be treated like adults: publish their names in newspapers alongside their crimes; lower the age (it varies according to provinces) at which they can be punished as adults are punished.

The suggestion was triggered by a former top official of the RCMP, M. F. E. Anthony, now Edmonton's chief of police. "The time has come to name names," he said recently. "After the first offense the name of any juvenile miscreant over 12 should be used. The first thing parents worry about is, 'Will his name get in the papers?' They're not

so much worried about a fine as disgrace to the family. Let them face disgrace."

Not long after, Vancouver's chief George Archer plunged in right behind Anthony. "Young hoodlums should appear in court with no holds barred," he said. "Their names should be published in the papers with the names of their parents."

Are these the views of the country at large? In some respects they are, but not entirely. Here's a Maclean's survey of legal, child-welfare and judicial opinion, taken across Canada:

Judge Elliot Hudson, Halifax Juvenile Court: "Publicizing the misdeeds of juveniles can do nothing but aggravate the problem . . . What is needed is more people who can give children the care and treatment they need."

George W. Hill, QC, crown prosecutor, Montreal: "There is a strong tendency to be too lenient toward juveniles. They are pampered. They become spoiled. It is time we tightened up our procedures."

Charlotte Whitton, ex-mayor, Ottawa: "We are keeping young boys and girls at school too long and not giving them either discipline or work. The whole procedure of treating juvenile delinquents is due for an overhaul. But the biggest problem is part-time parents who are running a home on the roam."

Daniel Coughlan, Ontario Probation

Services: "Let's teach the real purpose of our penal system—reformation, not punishment. Anyone who says, 'publish the names of juveniles,' is thinking of punishment."

Police chief Robert Taft, Winnipeg: "Parents of decent children are entitled to know the conduct of their children's associates. I'd appreciate reading in the papers if my teen-age boy or girl were running around with juveniles who were in police trouble."

Marjory Bernard, Regina Family Service Bureau: "If you bring out their names in court you give children a bad name in their neighborhood. That's no way to start correction."

Probation officer Gordon Stevens, Vancouver: "Don't throw children in with hardened criminals. Let's increase the number of institutions to which a magistrate can send boys for correction."



Chief Anthony: Put names in paper.



Ex-mayor Whitton: Blame parents.

Backstage AT THE RACETRACK / Why Avelino Gomez can't prove he's tops

A SQUAT, HANDSOME curly-haired Cuban named Avelino Gomez is the best jockey on Canadian racetracks, and some say on the entire continent. A few weeks ago at Toronto's New Woodbine he had four races against Eddie Arcaro, generally considered top jockey in the U.S. Gomez won two, Arcaro one.

In addition to re-affirming Gomez' skill, this performance caused many racing fans to ask outright a question they'd been wondering about for some time: Why, when Gomez is so good (about one in three horses that he rides wins), doesn't he ride on U.S. tracks where purses are larger and he's certain to be better paid for his work? Arcaro earns about \$250,000 a year, Gomez around \$50,000.

The answer is that he's a fugitive from the U.S. draft. He admitted to

U.S. immigration authorities in 1951 that he had left the country earlier to evade military service. By 1954 they got around to invoking the law against him and he hasn't been able to go back there to work since.

It has hit Gomez' pocketbook hard, but not his winning percentage, which

looks like this for the past five years:

	Races	Wins
1952 (U.S.)	260	70
1953	539	166
1954	370	127
1955 (Canada)	631	159
1956	765	197
1957 (mid-July)	260	105

These performances have easily outstripped rivals in Canada. He topped George Walker, second leading rider, by 90 wins last year. As contract rider for financier E. P. Taylor, Gomez gets \$500 a month, plus 10 percent of winnings. It has helped him buy two night clubs, the Garandero and the Toronto Club in his native Havana, but Gomez behaves quite unlike a night-clubber.

He lives thriftily in trackside motels, often walks to work while lesser riders drive Cadillacs and disapproves of people who "drink and carry on." He's not married.



Avelino Gomez: \$200,000 loser?

Editorial

The Clean Atomic Bomb is fine— but how about no bomb at all?

Despite every sign of a stubborn reluctance on both sides to concede anything, the chances of general disarmament may still be improved by the current discussions about a Clean Atomic Bomb.

The Clean Atomic Bomb is, of course, a myth, and our only potential atomic enemies, the Russians, know this as well as anybody else. Talking about it is as ridiculous as talking about a Friendly Broken Neck.

The atomic bomb, and the other nuclear weapons that have followed it, were never devised for cleanliness. They were designed for one purpose—to kill people as quickly and economically as possible. All the toothpaste slogans in the world will never obscure this simple truth. The cleanliness hoped for springs from no humanitarian impulse. The idea behind it is not to avoid damaging or liquidating people on the other side, but to reduce the risks on one's own, particularly during the testing period.

All this is already known to the Russians. To keep it known to them that we have our share of bombs and know, if needed, what bombs are for, is part of the distasteful duty of every senior politician and military commander in the Western alliance.

Having demanded full preparedness of those who lead us we have, nevertheless, a right to look carefully at the chances of ultimate disarmament. Our whole hope in maintaining strength in the sight of our enemies was that they might be induced to believe we mean business and might therefore give up the idea of making war against us.

So far there is no apparent provision in our defense plans for the time when our enemies may come to that belief. We continue, haphazardly, to pursue the chimera of a Clean Atomic Bomb. We continue, no doubt rightly, to look with suspicious and searching eyes at anything our potential enemies may suggest about laying down our weapons and at anything they may say to our suggestions.

But is there enough flexibility in our grand strategy? Is there any provision for the moment in which we may achieve the end we have been striving for since 1945? What negotiations are we prepared to undertake when and if—and unlikely though it may be—a Khrushchev or the successor to Khrushchev really shows a serious interest in disarming and giving the needed guarantees of good faith?

To judge from their recent actions as well as their words, the leaders of the Soviet Union are far more frightened, both as individuals and officers of their state, than any democratic statesman would feel it necessary or decent to be. It is barely conceivable that the word they have been abusing so cynically for so many years—the simple word, *peace*—has a meaning they're willing to take seriously now, if only because they're scared. Perhaps there's a chance we might get somewhere with them if we sat down together and started talking again. Not much of a chance to rely on, it's true. But it could hardly be slimmer than the chance that atomic bombs will ever be Clean.

Mailbag

- ✓ Do Scots need a helping hand from England?
- ✓ Should we fight for high-seas oil too?
- ✓ What makes Harry Ferguson's new car run?

In your June 22 issue a letter from H. O'Brien stated that Scots and the Irish never made a success of their own country . . . Scotland, industrially and agriculturally, is second to none. The Clyde has the largest shipbuilding yards in the world and during the war the Clydeside was considered the only place among the warring nations that was nearly 100 percent efficient . . . —HUGH MACLEOD, SIDNEY, B.C.

✓ . . . When did a Scot ever depend on an Englishman for a living? Your remarks are an insult. Before Holland Marsh was ever heard of Scottish pio-



neers farmed and did well in Ontario. —E. V. MCLACHLIN, EDMONTON.

✓ . . . The Irish of the Maritimes were driven there by famine, during which not one relief ship from the "meal ticket" (England) darkened the Irish Sea. The best-remembered shipment of food to Scotland was the moldy grain sent as payment to a certain laird for the apprehension of Montrose . . . —FRANCES M. RABNETT, TRENTON, ONT.

✓ . . . We Nova Scotians love our Irish, Scottish, Dutch, English, French, German, and all the people who make Canada . . . —D. FULLER, KENTVILLE, N.S.

A fiery treatment for gout

. . . Kathleen M. Graham (What's so Funny about Gout?, June 22) . . . gives an interesting history of the disease



and the people affected by it. But she omitted Sir William Temple on The Care of the Gout. Sir William was prominent in the political life of Charles II and was a victim of gout. His remedy was a moss from India called Moxa—applied in large quantity where pain was most severe. A match was touched to it and it was allowed to burn down to the flesh . . . Sir William asserts that he was able to walk immediately after treatment. —THOMAS S. DUNCAN, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Secret of a "miracle" car?

Allow me a guess on Harry Ferguson's revolutionary car (Will Harry Ferguson Revolutionize the Car Industry too?, June 8) . . . The car has a four-cylinder engine, in the rear like the Porsche and Volkswagen . . . The motor drives a

pump that keeps oil at a certain pressure in the pressure tank. Pressure and exhaust lines go to all four wheels . . . Oil pressure forces each wheel to turn by passing through a small turbine . . . Reverse is merely a valve in the common line coming from the pressure tank; it reverses the flow to oil lines. The accelerator and brake are the same valve. When fully closed so that all oil is stopped, the car cannot move . . . The oil car eliminates transmission, differential, drive shaft, universal joints, driving axles, gear shift, braking apparatus . . . —J. G. RAYCROFT, CITY VIEW, ONT.

Who staged the RCAF shows?

Re Robert Coote's article, Why I'm Saying Farewell to My Fair Lady (June 22) . . . Gee, in all these years I thought I was the guy responsible for putting together the air-force shows. Blackouts, along with a few guys like Chotem, Levine and Bray. Gosh, what will I tell my kids now? . . . —HENRY SINGER, EDMONTON, ALBERTA.

How we got our black fly

Your article, Will We Ever Control the Bloodthirsty Black Fly? (June 22), was



very interesting. However I find it hard to believe that your photograph was magnified only a hundred times. —MRS. DONALD STEEL, LOCKERBY, ONT.

The black fly is slightly less than an eighth of an inch long. Our photograph (14 inches long) was enlarged on this scale.

Are the Mounties political?

It's a surprise to find a man of Dr. Lower's reputation writing such an ill-considered piece as Is the RCMP a Threat to Liberty? (July 6) . . . In suggesting the RCMP is a "law unto itself" and in defining RCMP as "our political police force" he not only does that force an injustice but displays a woeful ignorance of its character and methods. —ANNA J. LOVE, REGINA.

Is there oil off our coasts?

I read with interest The Facts about Our High-Seas Battle for Fish (June 22). We must claim the continental shelves out to their limits off Canada. This includes the Arctic as well as the east and west coasts. The importance is twofold: fisheries and possibly oil. There is evidence of rock formation favorable to oil off the east coast. If we did not have immediate use for the fish, we could lease free or rent open water to other countries. —J. D. ROONEY, BLIND RIVER, ONT. ★

MACLEAN'S

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The cover

Hollywood is no match for nature in producing a dazzling sunset, but the grain-town drive-in devotees painted by **Rex Woods** don't seem to have noticed. Maybe they've been overexposed to the real thing. Woods hasn't — he was on his first western car trip.

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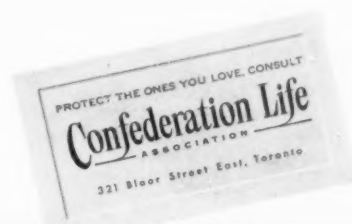
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57-38

For the sake of argument



MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE RISES

In defense of bad taste



HOW PUNCH SAW CHURCHILL AND EDEN

Churchill was depicted as flabby dodderer. Successor Eden was scorned in take-off of controversial Graham Sutherland portrait of Churchill.

Since I became editor of *Punch* some four years ago I have received a great many abusive letters, nearly all of which accuse me of having been guilty of bad taste. Most of these letters come from what are euphemistically called "good homes"—from retired generals and admirals and clergymen who have long been accustomed to regard humor as a sedative rather than a stimulant. The fact that subsequent events have in most cases borne out the essential justice of the comments to which exception was taken constitutes no excuse for having perpetrated them. As with libel, truth is not a defense. Indeed, it would appear, if anything, to add to rather than extenuate the crime.

Thus, for instance, when *Punch* published a cartoon showing a decrepit Sir Winston Churchill with a caption indicating that it was high time he relinquished the premiership, obloquy was heaped on my head. I had been cruel, ungrateful, disrespectful, unworthy of the great traditions of the venerable magazine I so unworthily edited. Few now (possibly not even Sir Beverley Baxter) would care to dispute that Sir Winston damaged his own splendid reputation, his party's longer-term interests, as well as his country's standing in

the world, by clinging too long to office. This, however, in no wise mitigates my offense in having prematurely drawn attention to what was, or should have been, obvious enough. Nor was it the slightest use pointing out that it was a concern for Sir Winston's reputation, not a desire to belittle it, that led me to feel so strongly that the time had come for him to make his bow and leave the public stage. There are occasions, as C. P. Scott, the famous editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, once wrote to me, "when truth should be economized." This was one of them. To be too profligate with truth is, *ipso facto*, to be guilty of bad taste.

I was likewise abused for a whole series of comments, written as well as graphic, drawing attention to Sir Anthony Eden's evident inadequacy as a national leader at this time. It is almost inconceivable that anyone, objectively surveying the melancholy consequences of his twenty-one months of office, could fail now to admit that events have only too tragically confirmed such a view of Sir Anthony. Yet I do not find letters pouring in to withdraw, let alone to apologize for, the previous strictures. On the contrary, the eminent (including, alas, some advertisers) **continued on page 46**

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE IS THE BLUNT-SPOKEN EDITOR OF *PUNCH*.

London Letter



BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

Censorship and sex

Let me give warning that this letter deals to some extent with a nobleman of high degree. With equal candor let it be understood that it also deals with sex. Therefore it might be advisable for younger readers to tell their elders that this is not quite a subject for grown-ups and they had better look at television.

The nobleman in question is no less a personage than the Earl of Scarbrough, who holds the post of Lord Chamberlain of Her Majesty's Household. If you are in London and there is going to be a garden party at Buckingham Palace it is he who decides whether or not you should be sent an invitation. It is true that he is influenced by your high commissioner, but the final decision rests with the noble earl.

Furthermore, when there is an investiture at the palace it is he who instructs those about to be knighted on how to comport themselves when the Queen touches their shoulders with her sword.

As if this were not enough, it is he who decides who shall be admitted to the Royal Enclosure at the Royal Ascot race meeting. Up to a short time ago no one could obtain a Royal Enclosure badge who had been through the divorce court, even though he or she was the innocent party. On the other hand there was no ban on a married man taking his girl friend. After much pressure and criticism

this archaic discrimination was done away with.

So far I have described the duties of the Lord Chamberlain in his capacity of Chief Bailiff to Her Majesty and Controller of Protocol, and there is no doubt that he carries out his duties with efficiency and discretion. But now comes a complete absurdity.

Believe it or not Lord Scarbrough is also the official censor of stage plays. When my innocent play, *It Happened in September*, was produced at St. James's Theatre in 1941 I had to submit my manuscript to the Lord Chamberlain. I was duly informed by him that one sentence must be removed.

Therefore it was with some interest that four or five years ago I was one of a deputation of theatre managers and critics who went to St. James's Palace to urge Lord Scarbrough to raise the ban on the American play, *Children's Hour*, which could only be shown in a small club membership theatre. Certainly the play had an unpleasant theme, since it dealt with the affection of two women teachers for each other and how a girl pupil brought tragedy to them.

It was a play written with passionate sincerity. But the Lord Chamberlain was adamant. Sex as a theme of comedy or enticement was quite in order but sex as a theme of tragedy was not to be shown to **continued on page 47**

THESE PLAYS WERE BANNED IN BRITAIN



Under censor's edict Children's Hour (left) and Oscar Wilde, starring Robert Morley, couldn't be shown publicly, but private clubs saw them.



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11. Music of Jerome Kern: Andre Kostelanetz and his Orchestra play 20 Kern favorites.
12. Concert by the Sea: Erroll Garner in an actual jazz performance at Carmel, Calif. *Frach Me Tonight, Where or When, I'll Remember April*—8 more.

P-21



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SHELL FROM A TO Z — AN ALPHABET



F is for

Father Fixit! And Daddy does. Today's Dads, freed from yesterday's 12-hour day, have time to be with their kids—to lead, to share, to comfort, to fix. One reason: machines powered by oil have cut man's work week in half.

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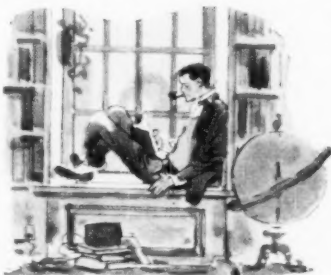
ET OF GOOD THINGS ABOUT PETROLEUM

Foram These tiny animals, dead and buried millions of years, are brought to the surface while drilling for oil. They have a story to tell, if you can understand their language. These *foraminifera* (full name) tell the geologist how close he may be to finding oil.



Foundation

This year in Canada, Shell will provide 10 fellowships and overseas scholarships for post-graduate science studies. Plus 6 summer fellowships for high school teachers, and grants to 3 universities to assist in expanding facilities for training geologists. Shell continues to contribute to scientific knowledge and to help in developing vitally needed teaching talent.



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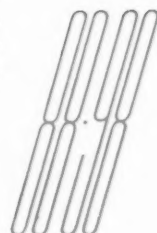


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OLDSMOBILE





KEY MAN in Canada's TV picture is Prime Minister Diefenbaker (above, on election night in Regina); his policies may alter our viewing habits.

MACLEAN'S
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

WHAT KIND OF TV will we get this fall?

Politics and public taste seem sure to transform our TV this coming season. The new government may curb CBC's activities; the new programs from the U.S. will be minus comics and plus nice guys. Here's an up-to-date appraisal

BY ERIC HUTTON

Television, being seasonal, spends midsummer in a brief doldrum between hectic activities. Behind it is always a season of triumphs and agonies; ahead always looms a season compounded of new faces and hope and uncertainty.

In midsummer 1957 this is true as ever of United States television—and truer than ever of television in Canada. What's ahead for viewers of Canadian TV may for the first time be influenced by a new government—a government of men who have expressed decided opinions of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and what it gives for what it costs.

When he was opposition leader a year ago, Prime Minister John Diefenbaker commented on the CBC budget: "This hog-wild expenditure, unless controlled, will increase taxation far beyond what is justified for what Canadians are receiving."

But regardless of what happens to CBC programming, politically or culturally, the chief answers to the knotty question, "Where's TV heading?" come from the U.S. Where a Canadian listener can tune in a U.S. station clearly, he does so most of the time. And even over Canadian stations in areas reached by no other station, made-in-America programs outnumber Canadian shows.

So a trend in the U.S. is a trend in Canada, immediately or a week later when the program is repeated in canned form for Canadians.

In the television industry they say that TV has no trends—"only the axiom, 'Imitate successful programs and keep imitating them as long

Story and pictures next two pages

What kind of TV will we get this fall? continued

This stuff may be corn, say TV's bosses, but if that's what the public is after, that's what it will get



KING OF SCHMALZ, orchestra leader Lawrence Welk is TV's top draw, with weekly audience of 50 million.

as they stay successful." But even that cynical motivation can be traced in the line-up of trends for the 1957-58 season, which starts in a few weeks:

- The virtual disappearance, with Jackie Gleason and Sid Caesar, of weekly comedy shows starring a single "big name."

- An abundance of horse operas of the variety called "adult Westerns," inspired by the success of Gunsmoke and Wyatt Earp. Among the new evening horse operas are *Have Gun, Will Travel*; *Wagon Train*; *The Restless Gun*; and *Sugarfoot*.

- A surge of "nice guy" programs to cash in on Perry Como's popularity. For instance, Pat Boone, perennial guest star, gets a show of his own and Frank Sinatra and Eddie Fisher stage TV comebacks as "smoothies," the former with a filmed show of his own, the latter sharing time with an erstwhile top comic, George Gobel.

- More shows formerly presented "live" will be filmed. To the viewer this will mean (a) more realistic sets and wider scope for action; (b) the appearance of some film stars who have been terrified of "live" TV cameras, and (c) the prospect of seeing programs repeated two, three or four times.

- The emergence of the old movie as the hottest item in individual-station programming. Already TV's top money-making program is no network spectacular, but one station's nightly showing of an old movie after midnight, with a gross annual income of over \$4,500,000.

Other new-season manifestations that the viewer cannot help noticing include: the healthy survival into his tenth year of Ed Sullivan, last of the non-performing impresarios of top-rated weekly variety; the continuance of fifty-four-year-old Lawrence Welk as the top network draw. When he broke into network TV two years ago after a thirty-year climb from mid-west barn dances, so-called experts pronounced Welk's orchestra music "pure corn" (a description with which Welk cheerfully agrees) and voted him the newcomer least likely to succeed (a guess with which fifty million fans disagree weekly); the emergence of the ex-Canadian Gisele MacKenzie as a major TV personality, with a fall show of her own in half of the choice Saturday hour once sacred to Sid Caesar. Six years ago Gisele was fired by the CBC on the grounds that the Canadian radio public had grown tired of her.

Gisele herself is bucking a TV trend. Of six one-girl-star programs launched last season, only one, Patti Page's, was around at the end. But television observers think Gisele has what it takes to be a big success on her own.

In Canada, long after the U. S. networks had announced their new-season plans, there was no sign of a trend. In fact, by July only one major show was "set" for the fall, and that was a twenty-minute, one-girl show, starring Juliette. Another top girl singer with a show of her own, Shirley Harmer, was visiting in Hollywood and uncertain of her fall plans.

Meanwhile the CBC itself was also somewhat uncertain of some details of its future, what with its long-time critics, the Conservative Party, now become the Conservative government. It was, incidentally, the Conservatives themselves who introduced public-ownership broadcasting, in 1932, when radio was still young. The Bennett government's Canadian Radio Broadcasting Commission became the CBC, and when its founding party returned to power a quarter of a century later, it had become a multi-million-dollar cor-



GISELE MacKENZIE, once fired by the CBC, becomes the star of her own show on CBS network.

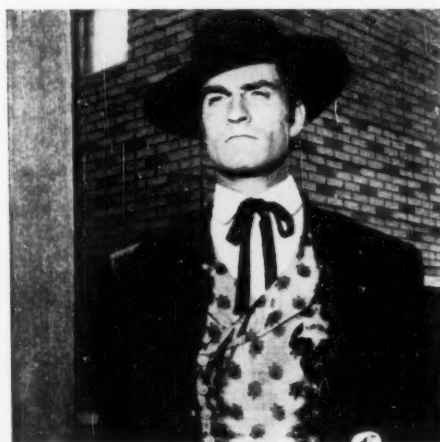


PERRY COMO has turned the relaxed manner into a fortune, boomed "nice guy" shows in popularity.



JULIETTE, veteran Canadian TV singer, was the only CBC star re-signed for the fall by midsummer.

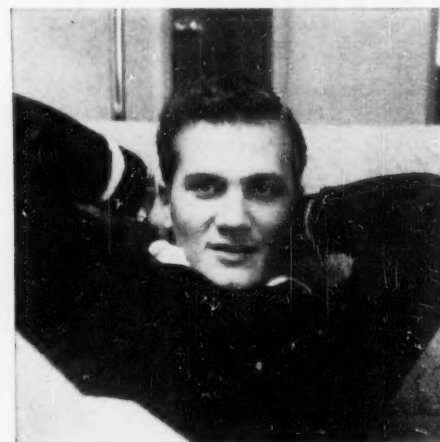
These are the veterans and newcomers who'll be riding high when TV swings into the fall season



WYATT EARP, starring Hugh O'Brian, is typical of "adult Westerns" that will flood the TV screens.



RED SKELTON is one of the last of the big-name comedians to survive in TV's purge of the funnymen.



PAT BOONE, current teen-agers' idol, gets his own show, riding crest of Como-like "smoothies."

poration with control of Canadian television and radio.

With the first session of parliament under the Conservative government still ahead, the effect of the Diefenbaker cabinet's thinking on what comes through the viewers' screens remains to be seen. But in the past two years leading Conservatives, notably the prime minister and Finance Minister Fleming—regarded as the party's CBC critic in the House—have made enough pertinent remarks on the CBC to hint strongly at their plans.

Diefenbaker: "I find it difficult to understand why the CBC with the best outlets in Canada is continually in the red (while) private stations make money . . . I believe the time has come to put a stop to this trend." And: "We have pointed out the utter democratic injustice of there being a regulatory body performing execu-

tive, legislative and judicial functions and being a judge in its own cause."

Fleming: "The present policy in regard to licensing for television purposes is an outworn policy of monopoly which badly needs to be recast and reviewed . . . It is parliament's right and duty to consider everything bearing on the administration of the CBC, including the use of public funds for programs."

If Diefenbaker were to carry out his pay-your-way-or-else policy for the CBC, Ottawa observers believe, it would mean either a cutback in CBC television program budgeting or an attempt to get sponsors to pay the full cost of programs instead of part of the cost, as is the case with some programs now. The same observers are more willing to guess that changes in Canada's broadcast picture will consist of:

- A new body to take over from the CBC the regulation and control of broadcasting, its functions to apply both to private and publicly owned stations.

- The granting of licenses to private TV stations in the CBC's six great monopoly strongholds, Toronto, Montreal, Halifax, Winnipeg, Ottawa and Vancouver.

A year ago Prime Minister Diefenbaker said he found it difficult to understand why the CBC, having available to it the best outlets in the country, is continually in the red while private stations make money. Whether adding private stations in those "best outlets" will mean profitable TV is a question that may depend on a quirk of the viewing public. It has been found to be an inexorable trend in television for viewers to spend progressively less **continued on page 42**

Year's greatest surprise is the upsurge of old movies as the hottest audience bait outside network TV

RANDOM HARVEST, a 1942 film with Greer Garson and Ronald Colman, drew a larger audience in one night on TV than in 11 weeks at a New York theatre.



HONKY TONK, with Lana Turner, Clark Gable and Clair Trevor, came out in 1941. On TV a decade later it beat out such top-line shows as Your Hit Parade.



THEO PARKER'S one-man war against the state

He started swinging when Ontario said he'd sell his hogs through the Hog Board, or else. He raided their meetings, fought them through the courts, dragged in the Canadian parliament—and he isn't licked yet

BY ALAN PHILLIPS

This is the story of Theo Parker, a six-foot-six farmer and country politician who objects in general to regimentation and in particular to selling his hogs through Ontario's Hog Board.

For four years Parker, the perfect image of a very stubborn individual in collision with a very stubborn society, has carried his battle against the board into the headlines and the courtrooms.

To everyone's surprise but his own he has forced the board to seek aid from organized agriculture and from the Ontario and federal governments. By last year, when the legal scrimmage reached the Supreme Court of Canada, it had grown into a national issue affecting every consumer and most of the farmers in the country.

The Ontario Hog Producers' Marketing Board is big business. Southern Ontario's bacon and hams are known around the world. Its farmers raise some two million hogs a year. The pork packers—companies like Canada Packers, Swifts and Burns—pay roughly a hundred million dollars for them. And though only twenty-three percent of the farmers' hogs are actually sold by the Hog Board, the packers pay the board for them all, and the

board pays the farmers — after deducting a sales fee, even from those who sell their hogs direct to the packers.

This sales fee is the crux of a complex legal dispute. Parker insists that it adds to the price of pork, and is thus an indirect tax. According to the British North America Act, only the federal government can levy an indirect tax, or regulate produce crossing provincial boundaries.

The case before the Supreme Court last year thus assumed immense significance. If Parker was right, Ontario's Farm Products Marketing Act was illegal. If the act was illegal so was every marketing board in Ontario—seventeen huge farmers' co-ops selling twenty-one kinds of produce. And if these boards were illegal so was every farm-products board in Canada, for they all need somewhat similar powers to operate.

When the Supreme Court decision came down it gave Parker a partial victory—but even so it left him back where he started in his dealings with the Hog Board.

To understand this paradox we must know something of the background. The Hog Board had its origin not long before World War II, when a drover called at the farm of Charles McInnis, of Iroquois. Questioning him, McInnis found that the drover trucked hogs to the packing plants, sold them, and paid the farmer. He was one of hundreds of drovers who, by competing with each other, were forcing down the price of hogs. Hog farmers should band together, McInnis felt, as Ontario's cheese, fruit and asparagus producers had done in 1938, as fruit growers in the Okanagan Valley had done since 1913.

McInnis launched the Ontario Hog Producers' Association in 1940. Six years later, after a vote of hog farmers, the Hog Board was set up. In January 1953 it went into action with a central sales agency, United Livestock Sales Ltd. In March of that year the burgeoning **continued on page 48**



Voluble Laura Parker mixes in her husband's fights. In county politics their record is twelve victories, seven defeats.





"Legalized banditry," Parker brands Hog Board operations. "I can't let them walk over me." Ontario hog-raisers will soon vote to support or crush his last-ditch stand.



THE ABSTRACTIONIST ponders in his gaudy Paris studio amid oversized canvases and piles of empty paint boxes. Once started, Riopelle completes his paintings in one burst.



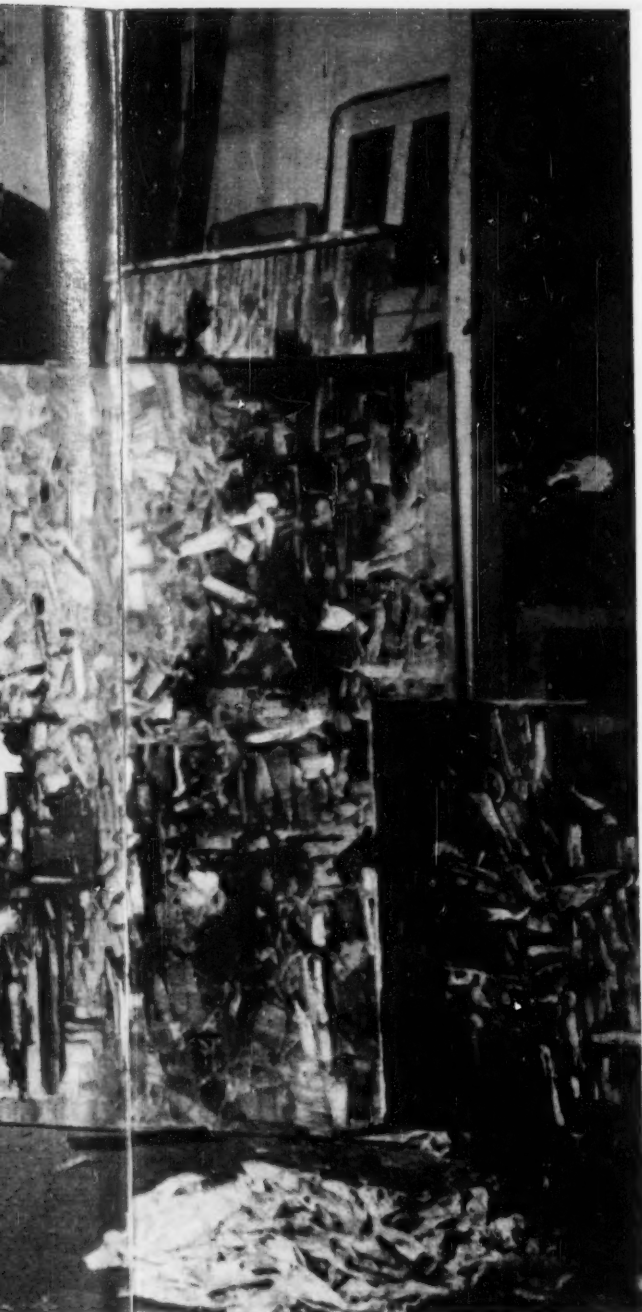
THE PAINTING DAUGHTER Sylvie hangs her work above her teddy-bear. The Riopelle influence is strong.



THE HOSTESS. Mme. Françoise (left) entertains at home. The host sits beneath one of his striking canvases.



THE PERFECTIONIST in the family, dancer Françoise practices four hours a day, teaches ballet.



in one burst.

laying on thick wedges of paint with palette knives.



hily, dark, and teaches that



THE HOT-RODDER relaxes with his five-car collection. Riopelle's pride is this aged Bugatti.

The native genius we've never discovered

Galleries, collectors and critics
in Europe and the U.S. prize the paint-piled canvases
of Montrealer Jean-Paul Riopelle—
but in his home town they think he's a foreigner

BY CATHERINE JONES

Although most of his fellow Canadians have never heard of him, a thirty-four-year-old artist from Montreal named Jean-Paul Riopelle has cause to rejoice these days. His canvases hang in a dozen museums in Paris, London, Ottawa, New York, Toronto, Philadelphia, Chicago, Lille, Zurich and Cologne. He has received international acclaim and has been ranked among the most important living painters.

A fair-sized Riopelle can fetch as much as twenty-five hundred dollars and a really big one might bring five thousand. His work has been exhibited as far afield as Brazil and Japan, and is in the most important private collections of Europe and North America, including those of Nelson Rockefeller and Walter Chrysler Jr. Indeed, the motor scion admires this artist's work so much that he once presented him with a special souped-up motor. This pleased Riopelle, who's an ardent hot-rodder, enormously.

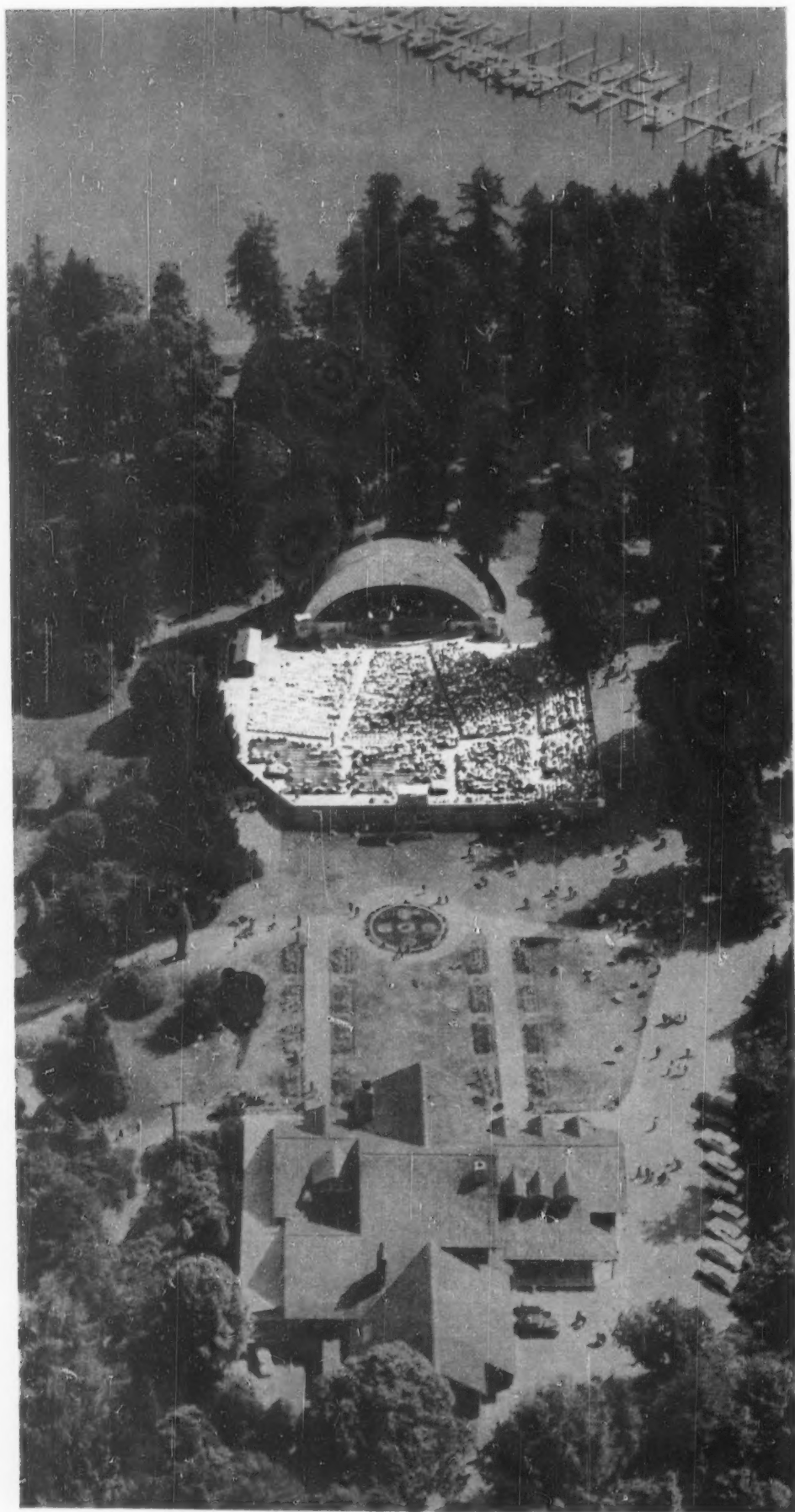
Riopelle is one of three Canadian painters whose work has been bought by the Museum of Modern Art in New York, and was one of three to represent Canada at the Venice Biennale in 1954. He's far better known in Europe than in his native land, where he is often mistakenly consid-

ed French. In fact, in a recent exhibition held in Montreal, called French Painters, the works of this native Montrealer were prominently displayed.

Riopelle was born and raised in Canada, the only son of a Montreal architect, but for the last ten years he has lived in Paris. He rarely leaves the city, although he brings his wife and two children back to Canada every year to visit his family and hers in Montreal. Riopelle looks like Chico Marx; he acts rather like him, too. When he is feeling exuberant, his laugh bursts out like an express train exploding from a tunnel. When, on the other hand, sorrows assail him, he observes the world with dark-eyed reproachful wonder.

Besides painting, Riopelle has two passions: one is the circus, which has fascinated many other artists, and the other is cars. He has five of them, his favorite being a 1931 Bugatti that uses not engine oil but castor oil. He drives it around Paris with the same force, exuberance, and freshness of spirit that characterize his paintings. There's a distinctly Chico Marxian flavor to a drive with Riopelle in his Bugatti; it is composed of daring dashes, unexpected stops, rhythmic turns, and soaring runs. Since there's no

continued on page 31



THE PLAYHOUSE, an overgrown bandshell among lofty cedars, is in scenic Stanley Park.

Vancouver's

By Ray Gardner

In the shaky world of summer theatre, where the tent shows share with the tents a propensity to fold quickly and where outdoor performances are often lucky to draw even mosquitoes, Vancouver's sprightly Theatre Under the Stars is remarkable, above all, for its durability.

Now presenting its eighteenth straight season of musical comedy beneath the towering cedars — and sometimes the pelting rain — in Stanley Park, TUTS is the oldest, by far, and the foremost of Canada's straw-hat theatres.

Among show people the non-profit Vancouver Civic Theatre Society's fresh-air extravaganza is often rated second only to the unchallenged leader in entertainment-in-the-open, St. Louis' Municipal Opera. TUTS' own boast is that "the only comparable theatre company in Canada is the Stratford Festival," though Stratford is more top-hat than straw-hat.

Last summer TUTS' turnstiles whirled like dervishes as 171,590 customers paid a record \$276,996 in two months to see four musicals—Gentlemen Prefer Blondes, The Merry Widow, Finian's Rainbow and South Pacific. The admissions added up to twenty-three thousand dollars more than it cost to stage the four musicals, but TUTS doesn't call this a profit—it's labeled a surplus and left in the kitty until too many rainy days (it's happened two summers out of the last five) put the show in the red.

This summer between June 24 and August 24 TUTS will try to stay in the black with two old favorites it has staged before — The Student Prince and Kiss Me, Kate—and two hits from Broadway, Where's Charley?, a musical version of Charley's Aunt, and The Pajama Game.

Almost as important to TUTS' success as the plays and players is the theatre's setting in Stanley Park, a wooded peninsula that juts from downtown Vancouver into the harbor, ringed by beaches and heavily timbered. To reach the plywood fence that encloses the natural amphitheatre where TUTS plays is an almost-theatrical experience itself. One route skirts Lost Lagoon and twists through thick stands of cedar and

r's enchanted evenings under the stars

The sopranos match notes with barking seals and the cast once applauded the audience for sitting through a downpour. Theatre Under The Stars is the biggest, brightest and often the soggiest straw-hat theatre in the land

towering Douglas Fir, past rose gardens and through rockeries. A second follows the sea-front past yacht moorings and fishing-boat wharves before turning into the timber.

The stage was originally a small concert bowl, donated to the city in 1934 by a former mayor, W. H. Malkin, and since twice enlarged for TUTS. The audience sit on deck chairs or benches (\$3.30 top) or spread blankets on the grass slope (sixty-five cents). Some of TUTS biggest belly-laughs owe more to the setting than the script—the denizens of the park zoo, a passing freighter in Burrard Inlet, or the famous nine-o'clock gun all ad-lib a punch line now and then. The gun is an ancient muzzle-loading cannon which is fired nightly as a time signal.

"Our synchronization is perfect," remarks director Jimmy Johnston. "Whenever we have a script that calls for the heavy to whip out a gun and bark, 'Stop! or I'll shoot!' he delivers that line at precisely nine o'clock."

Betty Phillips, a lyric soprano, is understandably more sensitive to the animal noises that may intrude on her act. "Have you ever tried holding a high note," she asks, "to the accompaniment of a shrieking peacock or a barking seal?"

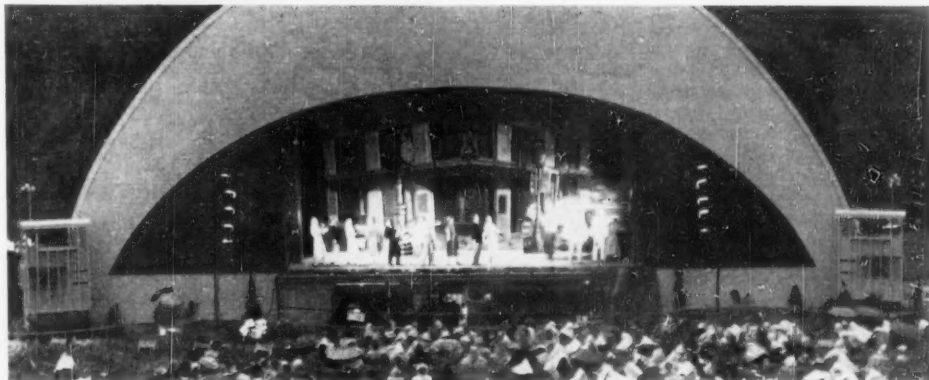
But the neatest timing ever achieved by an unpaid member of a TUTS cast must be credited to a freighter that sneaked into a performance of *The New Moon*. In this musical one of the characters, to escape a nagging wife, feigns his own death by drowning and disappears. Later, when the wife comes into money, he returns in disguise to plant the idea that perhaps her husband is still alive. She insists that her husband is dead. The two were arguing this point when the deep-throated blast of a freighter's whistle drifted through the trees. Fraser Lister, a quick-witted actor who was playing the husband, at once ad-libbed, "There, he is calling to you now." It brought the house down.

It's a tribute to TUTS that Vancouverites have allowed it to invade their favorite park. When, in 1939, a temporary fence was strung around the greensward

continued on page 40



THE PLAYERS are almost all B.C. professionals like comedian Barney Potts. A handful of minor stars are imported for featured roles.

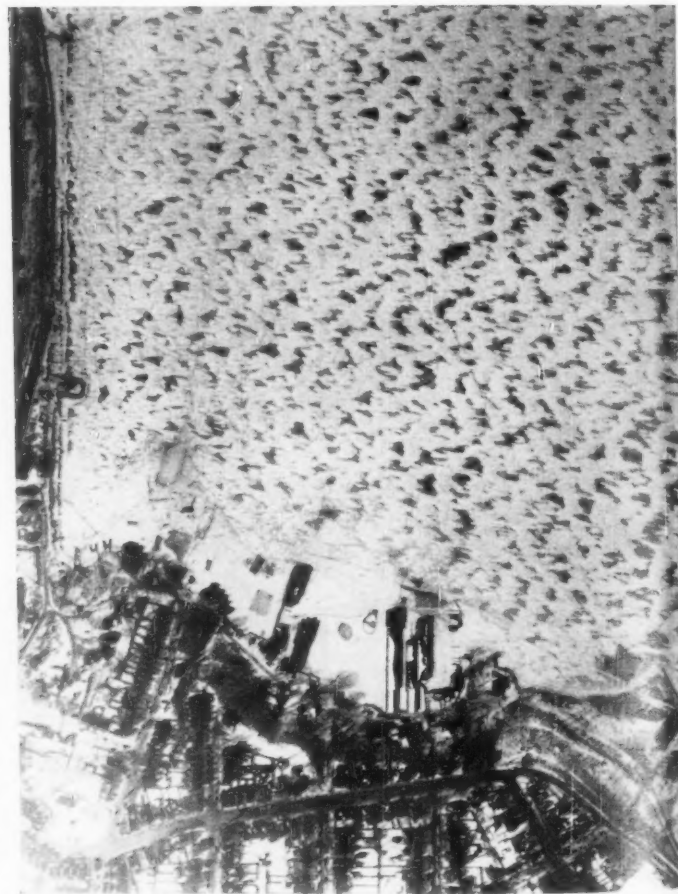
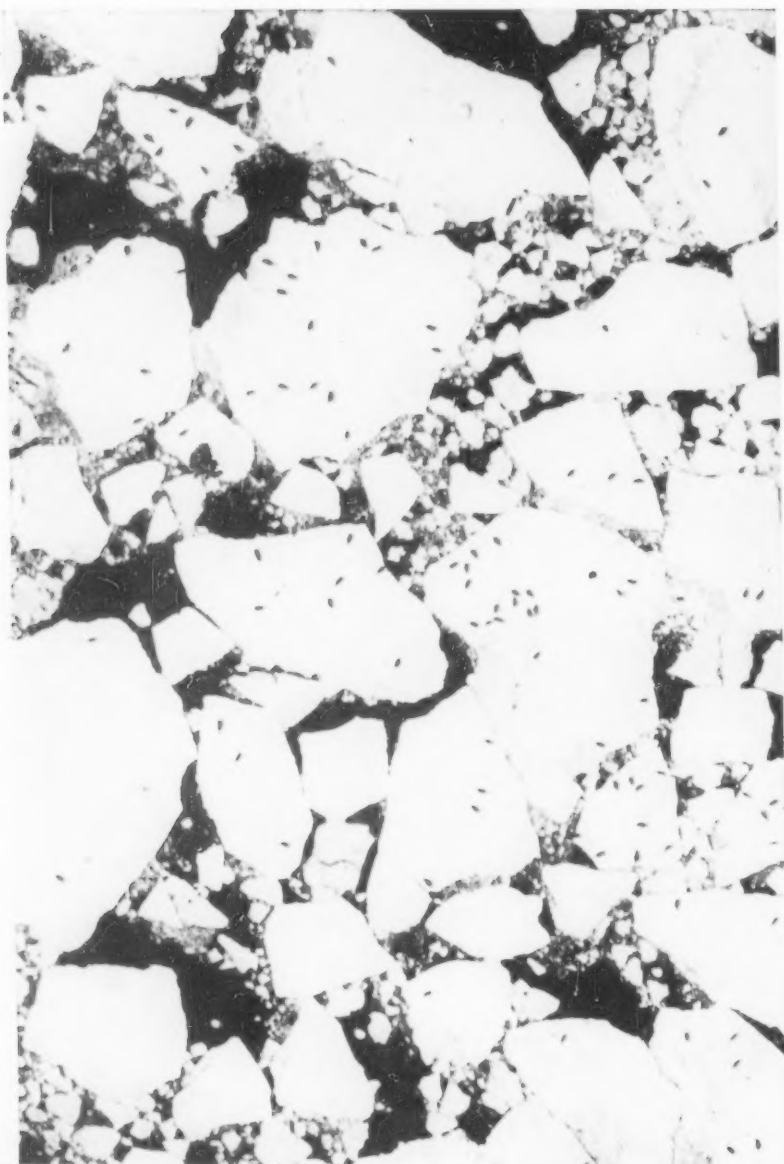


THE PLAYGOERS stretch in deck chairs, or crouch under butcher-paper hats in the rain. Director Jimmy Johnston soaks it up out front giving rehearsal orders to the stage.



KENDALL STANDS on a mosaic of a vast area of Quebec laid out on giant plotting floor. Thousands of photographs are taken, then assembled jigsaw style by technicians.

The Canada Douglas Kendall sees



◀ **SEALS BASKING** on ice floes off Newfoundland. Photograph, taken at 1,000 feet, was used in government seal count.

Swirling shapes, weird

textures, severe geometric patterns—

this is how his air-borne cameras

see this sprawling land.

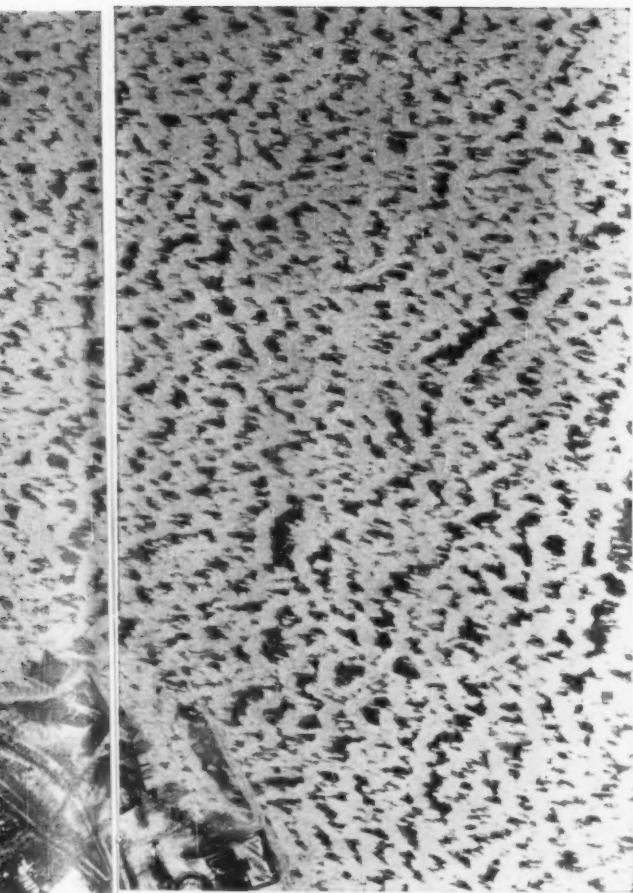
His photographic jigsaws tell us

where our opportunities lie.

Here's how a top aerial surveyor does it

By McKenzie Porter

es from the sky



ICEBOUND HAMILTON seen from 3,900 feet. The ice on the summer-busy bay is stippled with snow hummocks. Dock area is at bottom left.

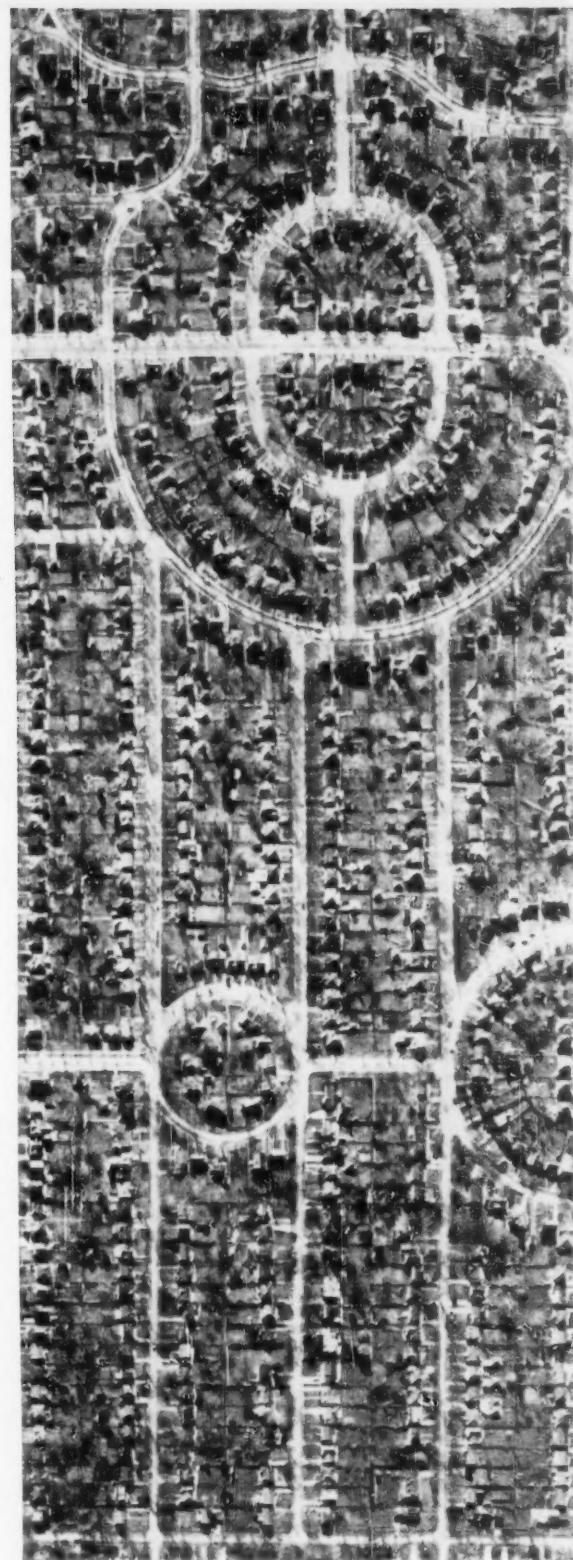
Douglas N. Kendall, a dark, slight, forty-three-year-old English immigrant to Canada, spent most of the last war peering through microscopes at aerial photographs of enemy territory. He saw much more than met the ordinary eye. The unit he commanded provided the Allied chiefs of staff with eighty percent of their intelligence on German strategic industries and military movements. In the course of his duties Kendall equipped himself for a lucrative postwar career. By applying to peaceful enterprises the techniques he learned in war, he has built up in Toronto, over the past eleven years, the biggest aerial survey company in the world.

According to a wartime comrade, Kendall was "the most untidy officer on parade" during his unit's occasional parades. But in spite of this unmilitary bearing, and his relatively low RAF rank of wing commander, he was consulted frequently by Winston Churchill and invited to several crucial meetings of the imperial cabinet.

During the war successive pictures taken by RCAF, RAF and USAF aircraft permitted Kendall's secret organization—the Allied Central Photo-Interpretation Unit—literally to watch the Germans building factories, fortifications and submarines, and shifting troops from one defense area to another.

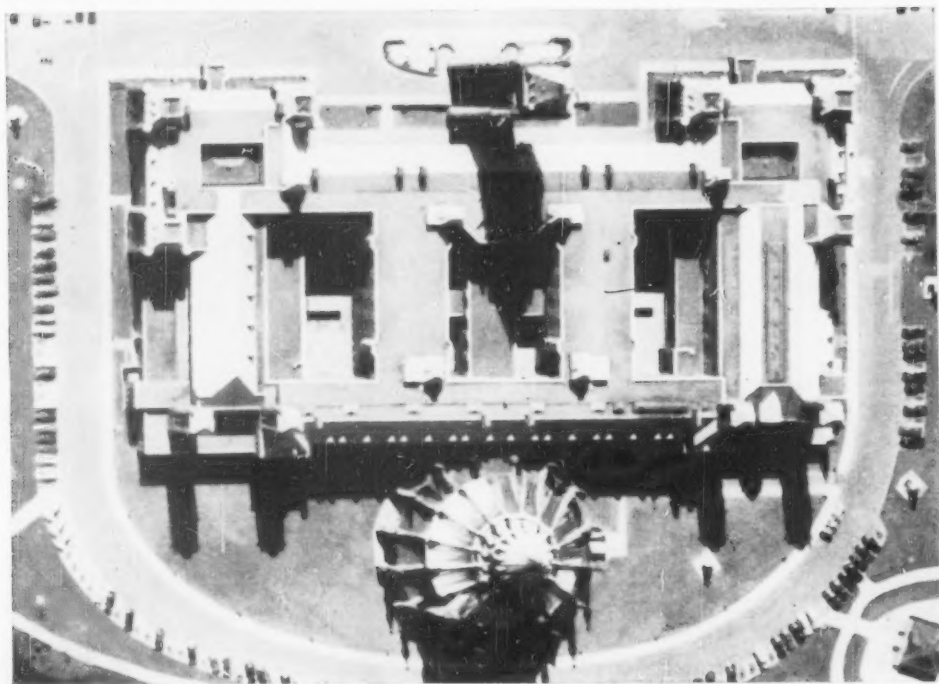
From the number of coke ovens going into a steel plant, or from the floor area of an aircraft engine shop, Kendall could estimate that establishment's projected production. If Kendall received pictures of a German freight train he could tell from the type and number of its cars, and from the track it was using, what it was carrying, whence it came, and where it was going. The class of army vehicles photographed on enemy highways revealed to him the identities of German divisions on the move. Bubble trails shown in photographs taken over the sea betrayed the course of many enemy submarines.

Through adapting these deductive principles to the needs of science, industry and agriculture Kendall has become the boss of Hunting Associates Ltd., a Toronto-based holding company that controls a dozen subsidiaries in North and South America, employs more than nine hundred aviators, technicians and cartographers, and grosses about twelve million dollars a year. The company makes its money by taking air photos of land masses extending from the Arctic to the



GEOMETRIC PATTERNS of Toronto's Lawrence Park area, from 6,600 feet. Such studies are used to plot supermarkets and city utilities.

Continued over page ▶



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS in Ottawa, with circular Gothic library at rear — oldest building in the cluster. Commons chamber is at extreme right; Senate at extreme left. Shadow seen down middle is cast by Peace Tower.

Our landscape assumes a new, often abstract look from the sky, as these photos show. They are the work of Spartan Air Services, Douglas Kendall's top rival

Antarctic, and by evaluating the topographical features in terms of natural resources.

Canada's widely varied and richly textured vastness—as seen in the photographs on these pages—are particularly well suited to the type of large-scale aerial probing offered by Kendall and his competitors, the largest of which is Spartan Air Services Ltd., with headquarters in Ottawa. Spartan has already air-mapped more than a million and a half square miles of Canada on assignment for the federal government. It has also swept its cameras and survey instruments over great stretches of the country for private industry and sent its planes on jobs into such distant spots as Colombia, India, Mexico and Malaya. Recently it was awarded a contract in Kenya.

Kendall, also, serves a wide variety of cus-

tomers, ranging from national governments to individual home builders, and his fees run from three million dollars to fifty. His aircrews provide geologists, foresters, agronomists and other experts with seven-league boots. Equipped with cameras and electronic instruments their aircraft record not only the contours and surface features of the ground, but the riches that are hidden deep in the earth. They explore in weeks regions that once took years to survey on foot.

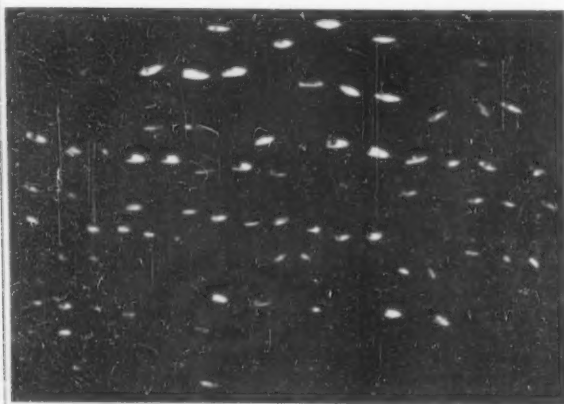
The aerial photographs are stuck together into mosaics covering up to a thousand square feet of floor in Kendall's modern single-story headquarters on Toronto's industrial O'Connor Drive. Bridges built over the mosaics allow an expert to scan miles of territory, as if he were the King of Brobdingnag gazing down on Lilliput.

From color mosaics foresters and agronomists can enumerate in any given region the different species of trees and ascertain the constituents of different soils. From related studies of drainage conditions, the flow of streams and the type of flora, they can determine how best that land might be made to yield more lumber, pasture or food.

Black-and-white mosaics give construction engineers a rapid guide to suitable sites for dams, harbors, bridges, airstrips and factories, and to suitable routes for railroads, highways, pipelines, telephone wires and power-transmission pylons.

Lettered into some mosaics is information derived from such air-borne electronic instruments as the scintillometer and the magnetometer. These instruments respond to uranium, iron, copper, lead, zinc, nickel and many other minerals. While they have not eliminated entirely the need for geological prospecting on the ground, they have cut out months of footslogging by giving a better indication of where it might be profitable to drill.

So accurate is the scale of the mosaics that it



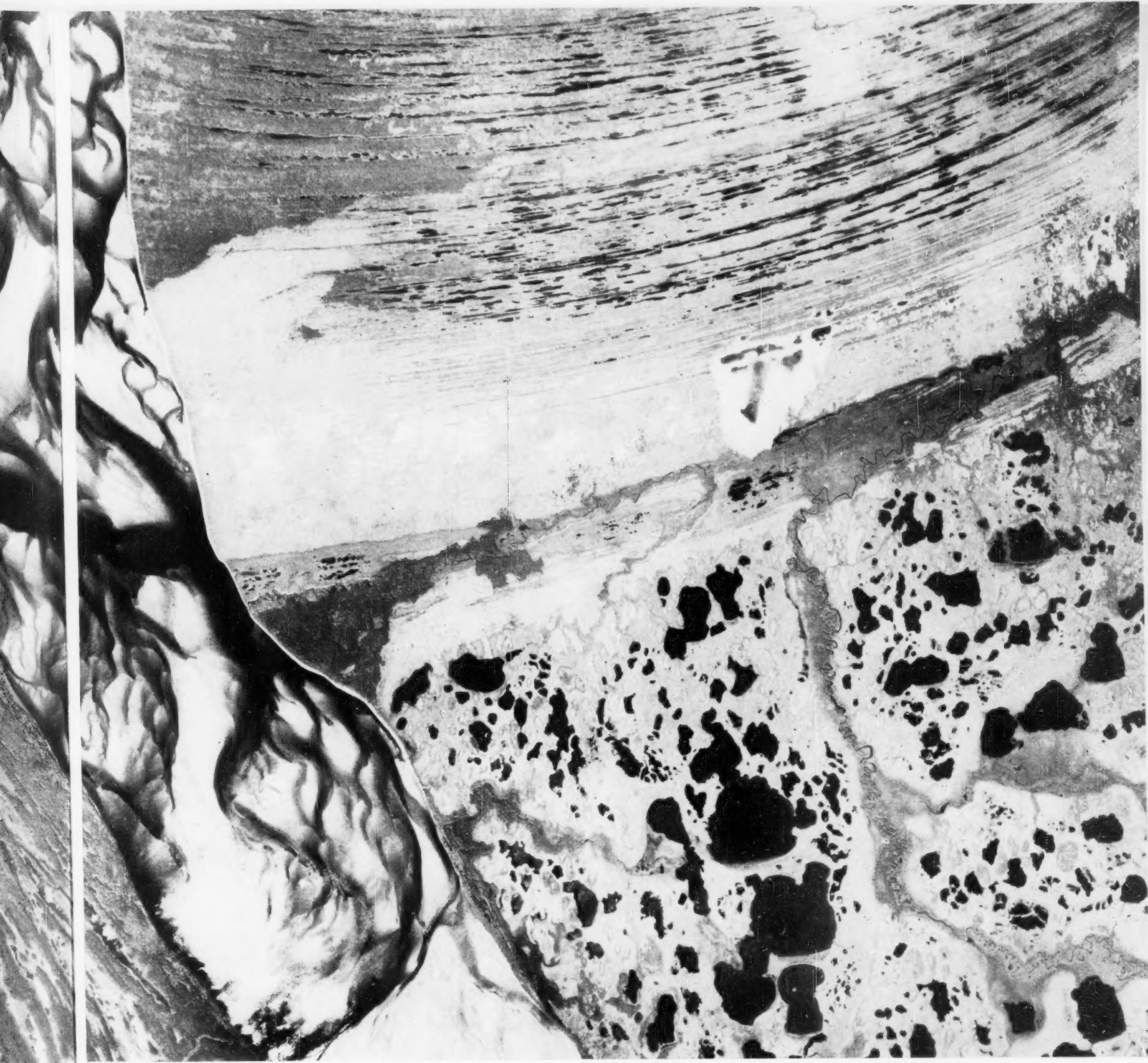
PATTERN OF BOATS in mooring basin. Canadian aerial-survey crews handle jobs as far away as India.



WHAT IS IT? A montage? A bad dream? No,

is possible to reduce them and to trace from the reductions exact contour maps. Tracings are then printed for handy use in the field. Gradually this form of mapping is superseding the laborious ground-survey work on which conventional cartographers depend.

Since 1946, when he set up shop in a wartime cafeteria at Toronto's Downsview Airport, with three old wartime training aircraft, one desk and half a dozen United Kingdom and Canadian veterans of the Photo-Interpretation Unit, Kendall has kept pace with a snowballing business.



it's shoreline at Natashquan Point, Que. The funnel of molasses is really the mouth of the Natashquan River on the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The patches at right are ponds.

For the federal and provincial governments of Canada, and for a wide variety of commercial firms, Kendall has mapped about one third of this country's area. His first job—a survey of Ontario's forests—grossed more than a million dollars. Proportionate amounts have been earned from a contour mapping **continued on page 37**

ANDERSON GLACIER on Yukon-Alaska border, from 10,000 feet. Second glacier (bottom) joins and is crushed into the mainstream.





Back seat elbow-room for the kids—David, 12, Debbie, 6, Patsy, 10 — is made by loading all luggage on the roof. We're off on a 6,000-mile, five-week junket.

We travel with our kids—and like it



QUARREL STOPPERS

Individual projects — like coloring books, scribble-boards — keep peace.



THINK GAMES

Chess on a board made for play-on-the-go keeps them busy for hours.



TRAVEL ALLOWANCES

A quarter each to spend at the mid-morning stop pays dividends all day.



If they want to shoot Indians, okay. But they once dropped notes saying: "We're being kidnaped."

HERE'S HOW WE DO IT—and how you can too

It's just a matter of
planning, patience and psychology
once you learn how children think on wheels

Story and photographs by JOSEPH N. BELL

Three weeks from today, my wife Janet, three children (David, twelve, Patsy, ten, and Debbie, six) and myself will pile into our station wagon and take off on a six-thousand-mile, five-week automobile junket to the Pacific coast and back. This sort of thing has been going on, now, for five years and in the process we've learned a great many things—some of them the hard way. I'll confess—about getting along with children in a motorcar.

We've had to learn in self-defense. My work frequently sends me on such trips, and we feel

that when opportunity permits, the kids should enjoy this broadening influence too. Because motoring is the only way we can afford to take the whole family, we've had to learn to live with our children in a car.

From statistics being circulated by the automobile people, it would appear that a remarkable number of families are doing the same. The extent of our dependence on and use of automobiles almost staggers the imagination. In North America there are a half a million service stations, a hundred thousand repair garages and fifty

thousand motels, and in a year we travel more than a half a trillion miles by car.

Buried in this welter of statistics is a curious anomaly: the automobile, which takes us increasingly away from home, at the same time provides an effective aid to family unity and education. For our family, the car has brought a closer association than seems possible in any other way.

Before our excursions became completely satisfactory, however, we had to accept one basic fact: children see motor trips through entirely different eyes than we do. They are generally uninhibited and haven't yet acquired the pleasant adult habit of rationalization. When adults are hot or tired or bored on a trip, they put up with it because they know it's a means to an end and there's no immediate alternative. Not so with children. Last year, less than half an hour after we pulled out of our driveway at the beginning of a five-day trip, our six-year-old Debbie poked her head into the front seat and asked plaintively, "How much farther do we have to go?"

Children deal in fundamentals and the immediate present is very urgent to them. As this is recognized and understood, parents and children can get together on an equitable basis, and a long car trip can turn into a pleasurable experience for both. At least we've found it that way. In the process we've developed some techniques for traveling with children that have worked very well for us. Perhaps they can be helpful to you too.

First, there's the problem of packing. We have one inexorable rule: take the least amount of clothing possible. I always keep the back end of our station wagon (which I heartily recommend for traveling with children) completely free of luggage. We put the middle seat down and leave the rear seat in place, which gives us additional room. I also make cardboard containers to fit the spaces beneath the turned-down seats, and we can pack these full of shoes, accessories and some clothing.

When we have to take so much luggage that it would otherwise encroach on the children's area, we fasten a luggage rack on top of the car. I also strip the handles off the inside of one rear door, which we keep locked all the time. In the space between the stripped-down door and the side of the seat, I fit a fairly large container for the kids' toys, games and so forth. Except for this container, a mattress which covers the turned-down seats, and several pillows and a blanket, there is no other equipment in the back of the car. This permits all three children to sleep at the same time (in the unlikely event that circumstance should ever arise) and also gives them freedom to move about.

In the space behind the back seat we carry a large fortnighter trunk, which contains most of our clothing and a small overnight bag with necessities for one-night stops. We try to limit ourselves to this amount of luggage.

Once on the road we do most of our traveling early in the morning—for several reasons.

First, the children are rather sluggish in the early morning and it takes them quite awhile to realize the incredible misfortune that has befallen them of riding in the car all day long.

Second, the highways are relatively clear early in the morning and permit speedier traveling.

Third, with an earlier start we can make an earlier stop. This gives us a better choice of accommodations, a chance for a leisurely evening meal, and an opportunity to poke around and see any local sights.

And fourth, there's a **continued on page 34**



The Saturday Trip to the Moon 10¢

"Shopping plaza to the moon . . . blast off!"

We laugh at Jimmy's flights of fancy, all too earth-bound ourselves with the decisions and choices of weekend shopping. But is his dream so far fetched? After all, the commonplaces of this Saturday were our grandfather's . . . or even our own dreams at Jimmy's age.

Research at General Motors has led the way in turning many of these dreams into today's realities. It has pioneered and constantly developed the Diesel locomotive, bringing the benefits of efficient, low-cost operation to Canada's railroads. In appliances it has led all the way from the development of Freon — today's standard refrigerant — to the "sheer-look" of the 1957 kitchen. In automotive transportation General Motors has contributed advances from the invention of a self-starter and ethyl anti-knock gasoline right up to the latest automatic



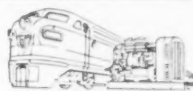
transmission, panoramic windshields and power assists. Wherever you look you will find General Motors' research leading the way in so much of our progress towards comfort, convenience and better living.

Such leadership demands constant planning for the future. Today, the thoughts of thousands of research scientists and engineers at General Motors are on the shape and style of the cars, locomotives, household appliances and many other things that will affect your way of life tomorrow. Whatever wonders the future holds . . . GM will play a big part in bringing them to you. "What's on your mind, son? A trip to the moon? Well, could be."

GENERAL MOTORS
GROWING WITH CANADA



GENERAL MOTORS OF CANADA
LIMITED
OSHAWA AND WINDSOR



GENERAL MOTORS DIESEL
LIMITED
LONDON



FRIGIDAIRE PRODUCTS OF CANADA
LIMITED
LEASIDE AND SCARBOROUGH



THE MCKINNON INDUSTRIES
LIMITED
ST. CATHARINES AND GRANTHAM TWP.

PRODUCING MORE AND BETTER THINGS FOR MORE PEOPLE

Sweet & sour



"Honey, I got the rat poison."

Tranquilizing pills

Lawyers, loggers, butchers, bakers,
Bankers, barbers, undertakers,
Cops and medical advisers —
All are taking tranquilizers.
Long before the upward curve ends
There'll be no more frazzled nerve-ends.
Now no one need lead a stressful,
Harried life to be successful.
Cured is worry, gone are tension,
Temper, rancor, rage, dissension.
Then of course some spoilsport crank will
Prove it's fatal to be tranquil.

P. J. Blackwell



"Am I supposed to send my reports to RCMP headquarters or the FBI?"



"Good heavens, Bubbles—I thought you'd left years ago."

My daughter's father's famous

By PARKE CUMMINGS

We've got some mighty distinguished people in our town. If you don't think so, just ask our daughter Patsy. Carl Evans, the noted artist, for instance. A noted man? You're not kidding! Patsy pointed him out to me on the street the other day. "He's Jimmy Evans's father," she told me. "Jimmy's captain of our school baseball team. Yesterday he hit a homer and two doubles."

And Patsy can cite you plenty more celebrities. Marcelline Anderson, ex-actress. Claim to fame: mother of Sandra Anderson who got first prize in the talent show for her wonderful imitation of Lucille Ball.

Not to speak of Elwood Thomson,

the well-known manufacturer. Elwood can well be proud of his products. Among them are the twins, Alicia and Peggy, who between them, win every darn junior girls' swimming race, all summer long.

I don't like to sound conceited, but when I took a stroll downtown the other day I noticed quite a number of youngsters conversing with each other and pointing at me. And it wasn't just because I needed a haircut. They were gazing with the awe and respect due the father of a girl who won a two-dollar bet by consuming seven banana splits at one sitting.

I'm thinking of writing my autobiography.



The scene: The YACHT CLUB

The cigarette: MATINÉE

Discerning people appreciate that Matinée has a certain elegance, and all the refinements they look for in a cigarette... quality, mildness, good taste... and a pure white filter that draws easily.

THE CIGARETTE WITH THE *Magic Tip*

What Do You Recommend?...

Year after year this single question seems to be asked us more frequently than any other. For an organization such as ours with broad experience and access to many markets, it should be easy to answer... it's part of our business. And very often it is easy to answer... it's easy when our client has taken us into his confidence... we know his aims, his objectives, his requirements. Together we work out a program to do what he wants done, and to the best of our ability, we see to it that our recommendations fill his particular bill.

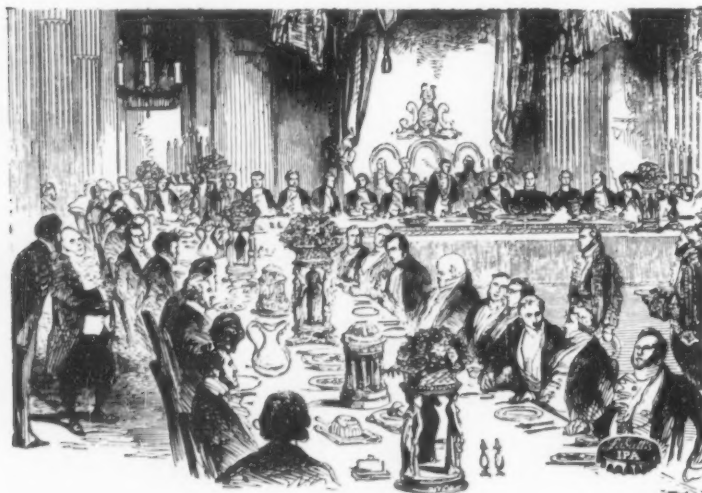
You see, we at Ames regard the investing of money as a pretty personal business. The personal requirements of our clients demand our personal care, thought and study. In many, many cases, the personal relationship is really a "professional" relationship, and a competent investment adviser no more has a "universal" investment recommendation than a competent medical adviser has a "universal" prescription. Short term government bonds won't produce 5% income... common stocks won't protect a short term cash requirement.

So... to get back to the question... when we make an investment recommendation, we like to feel that it will meet the personal requirements of the individual. Experience has proved to us that a personal, confidential relationship between investor and investment adviser is the only sound basis for investment recommendations. This, of course, means personal service... the type of service which is available to our clients... available to you. You will be welcomed in any of our offices, or, if more convenient, we will be happy to discuss your personal investment program by mail.

A. E. Ames & Co. Limited

Business Established 1889

TORONTO MONTREAL NEW YORK LONDON, ENG. VANCOUVER VICTORIA
WINNIPEG CALGARY LONDON HAMILTON OTTAWA KITCHENER ST. CATHARINES
OWEN SOUND QUEBEC BOSTON, MASS.



"A FEAST INDEED, SIR JOHN"

SIR JOHN: "And for those of us who prefer John Barleycorn to the juice of the grape, an admirable choice."

HON. GENT: "Mr. Labatt's celebrated ale you mean?"

SIR JOHN: "Indeed I do! India Pale Ale he calls it but there is, thank heaven, nothing pale about its flavour."

HON. GENT: "Hearty, robust, a man's drink for a man's occasion. I concur, my dear Sir John. Allow me to refill your glass. I perceive the speeches will begin again!"



MR. LABATT BEGAN BREWING IPA FOR MEN IN 1828

Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

BEST BET THE PRINCE AND THE SHOWGIRL

The pompous and monocled regent of a Balkan kingdom (Britain's Sir Laurence Olivier) and a naïve blond chorine from Milwaukee (Hollywood's Marilyn Monroe) are amusingly mated in Olivier's screen version of the Terence Rattigan comedy, *The Sleeping Prince*. For a romantic trifle, it's a bit long and repetitious, but the oddly matched principals are often quite funny together. There are superb performances by Dame Sybil Thorndike, as a mildly barmy royal dowager, and Richard Wattis, as a harassed equerry from the British Foreign Office.



THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON:

The breezy Kenneth More, although not ideally cast, likeably portrays an impeccable butler who becomes the ruler of his former masters after they are all shipwrecked on a desert island. The old satiric comedy by Sir James Barrie still makes an interesting story, and the cast is skilful. It includes Cecil Parker and Diane Cilento.

FIRE DOWN BELOW: Rita Hayworth returns after three years' absence from the screen and proves that she has lost none of her knack at presenting a performance as inept, wooden and unintentionally farcical as anything she ever did in the past. A few laughs occasionally redeem this steamy tropical adventure, co-starring Robert Mitchum and Jack Lemmon.

STELLA: An overheated sex-opera from Greece, pretentiously directed by the highly touted Michael Cacoyannis. It introduces a fiery seductress named Melina Mercouri who makes most of her celluloid rivals seem as tame as Lillian Gish by comparison.

THE UNHOLY WIFE: Diana Dors, John Bull's Marilyn Monroe, is woefully out of her depth in the role of a sulky murderess in this implausible Hollywood melodrama. With Rod Steiger, Tom Tryon.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

Abandon Ship: Drama. Fair.

The Baby and the Battleship: Navy comedy. Good.

Bachelor Party: Drama. Good.

Boy on a Dolphin: Treasure-hunting comedy-drama. Good.

Brothers in Law: Comedy. Good.

The Buster Keaton Story: Biographical comedy-drama. Fair.

Checkpoint: Road-race drama. Fair.

Confidential Report: Mystery. Poor.

Designing Woman: Comedy. Good.

Desk Set: Comedy. Good.

Doctor at Large: Comedy. Good.

Edge of the City: Drama. Good.

Fear Strikes Out: Drama. Good.

Full of Life: Comedy. Good.

Funny Face: Musical. Excellent.

Garment Jungle: Drama. Fair.

The Gold of Naples: Italian multi-story comedy-drama. Good.

The Great Man: Drama. Excellent.

Gunfight at the OK Corral: Western. Good.

The Happy Road: Comedy. Good.

High Tide at Noon: Drama. Fair.

Hot Summer Night: Crime drama. Fair.

House of Ricordi: Italy opera festival. Dull story; fine singing.

House of Secrets: Crime drama. Fair.

The Incredible Shrinking Man: Science-fiction thriller. Excellent.

Joe Butterfly: Comedy. Fair.

The Killing: Crime drama. Excellent.

The Little Hut: Comedy. Poor.

Love in the Afternoon: Comedy. Good.

Maddalena: Drama. Fair.

The Man Who Turned to Stone: Science-fiction. Poor.

Men in War: War drama. Fair.

The Monte Carlo Story: Romantic comedy-drama. Fair.

Paris Does Strange Things: Romantic comedy. Poor.

Public Pigeon No. 1: Comedy. Poor.

The Rainmaker: Comedy-drama. Good.

The River's Edge: Action. Fair.

The Silent World: Undersea true-life drama in color. Tops.

Silk Stockings: Musical. Good.

The Spanish Gardener: Drama. Good.

The Spirit of St. Louis: Biographical aviation drama. Good.

The Strange One: Drama. Good.

The Tattered Dress: Drama. Fair.

This Could Be the Night: Romantic comedy-drama. Good.

Tiger in the Smoke: Drama. Fair.

Town on Trial: Mystery. Fair.

12 Angry Men: Drama. Excellent.

Way to the Gold: Drama. Fair.

The Wrong Man: Drama. Good.

Yangtze Incident: British naval-war drama. Good.

The Young Stranger: Drama. Good.



The native genius we've never discovered

Continued from page 17

speed limit in Paris and it's strictly *defendu* to sound the horn, he has scope for self-expression behind the wheel. But always underlying the seemingly mad manipulation of the vehicle is the control that has been so noted in his work.

As Georges Duthuit, one of France's leading authorities on art, has said: "Riopelle has force and energy and at the same time the complete control of this medium which he has discovered for himself—control even in a paroxysm of expression."

Riopelle has been painting since he was eight, and he always got special attention in art class at school. After leaving school and putting in a couple of years at Montreal Polytechnique he took up painting seriously, working with a group of young Montreal artists who called themselves the Automatistes. Their idea was to paint automatically; that is, to let the hand place the paint with no conscious direction from the brain. None of the original group is painting in this style today. Riopelle began to evolve his own unique style in 1945; he decided that it was necessary to discover nature in a new way, to observe without preconception, and to paint naturally.

He went to Paris for a year, returned to marry Françoise l'Espérance, a Montreal girl, and in 1946 settled in Paris permanently. The Riopelles and their two daughters live in an apartment in a residential district called Auteuil, but Riopelle's studio is outside the city in the suburb of Vanves. There, he works in the former *salle des fêtes* of a group of workers' flats, a huge thirty-foot, high-ceilinged room with windows all down one side, a mountain of empty paint tubes, and a *mélange* of his own paintings stacked against every surface.

Riopelle's palette is a four-by-eight-foot piece of tempered masonite fixed to an easel. He paints huge canvases, many of them taller than he is, as though Canada's dimensions had influenced his work. He uses pounds of paint on every picture, painting not with brushes but with knives, some of them almost as big as a plasterer's finishing trowel.

When he paints, he attacks his canvas with violent jabs and sweeps and the paint goes on in pie-shaped wedges, layer upon layer, spasm after spasm. Sometimes he's so impatient that he cannot even wait to put the paint on his knife, but uses the tube itself to paint with until at last, after one uninterrupted session of creativity, the picture is done. But there is nothing slap-dash about the finished canvas, and even people who may be baffled by its context see that every particle of pigment is placed exactly where the artist intended it.

People see different things in Riopelle's paintings. Once, when art dealer Jacques Dubourg was showing some Riopelles to an American client, she said: "It's funny, but I seem to feel horses and rolling plains and huge skies in this one." Riopelle had painted it just after he returned from a visit to the Camargue—the cowboy country of France. The trees and forests of Canada are easily



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"Make no mistake: fifty years from now the works of Riopelle will be classed as masterpieces."

discernible in his early works. Later his works became more abstract; yet recently his paintings have seemed to be growing more representational again.

"Riopelle represents a climax to the whole non-objective movement," Dr. Robert Hubbard, curator of Canada's National Gallery, says. "He has perhaps brought it up to its highest possible development—the danger is, of course,

that you can't go very far beyond it." It may be that the artist is aware of this, and it will be revealing to watch how his style changes in the years to come.

It is, moreover, odd that the man who is known as one of the foremost painters of our time should come from a land whose painters have thus far failed to impress the Europeans. A few years ago when the National Gallery tried to bor-

row some Canadian paintings back from European galleries for an exhibition, none were hanging, most of them could not be located, and the whole idea had to be dropped. Riopelle and Morrice (who died in 1924) are the only Canadians whose works are on display on the Continent.

Riopelle gets up early and drives to his studio every morning. Afternoons,

when he isn't painting, he likes to work on his cars with his garageman and friend, Henri Phillipot, and a second mechanic who is also the well-known French circus clown Rex. Riopelle knows quite a bit about cars and Phillipot is something of an expert on art. They are both mad about the circus, so the three form an extraordinarily harmonious team. After a certain amount of adjusting, greasing, grinding, and re-winding, one will say to the others: "Ca marche!" "Ca marche!" the others respond with enthusiasm. This is the signal that it is time to repair to the bistro for a Ricard, a licorice-flavored aperitif much favored in France.

Riopelle is a tab-grabber. "Please!" he will say with deep solemnity any time someone else tries to settle the bill, "c'est mon quartier." It is the custom in Paris for a man to play the host in his own local bistro to friends visiting from another part of the city. But every quarter is Riopelle's quarter, and beating him to the draw is regarded as a considerable victory.

Paris has not always been gay for Riopelle. His finances were at a low ebb when he had his first show four years ago. To be out of work for a painter is stark tragedy, since, if he has no money, he cannot buy paint, and without paint he has no hope of doing his work. At Riopelle's first show not one canvas was sold.

Impossible to duplicate

A month later a sculptress friend about to give an exhibition said she'd like to have a few Riopelle paintings on the walls. Riopelle acquiesced and a strange thing happened. The dealer who had had Riopelle's pictures for two years—he had not bothered to hang them—bought four. A man Riopelle had never seen before came up to him at the opening and said, "Do you need an atelier?"

"Did I need an atelier?" Riopelle recalls. "I was painting at home at the time and the two children were very young. So this fellow said, 'All right, come to this address tomorrow, I'll give you the key, I'm leaving Paris for three months.' Then I knew, he is drunk, or he is crazy." But Riopelle was mistaken. The offer was genuine. The next day he did get the key. He continued to paint in this studio for two years, and the pictures sold.

Since his zoom to fame other people have tried to climb on the bandwagon and paint like Riopelle, but without much success. His technique is as unique in painting as Norman McLaren's work is in animated film for the National Film Board. Light, color, sensations, emotions, and perceptions must pass through the brain cells of the creator before being rendered visible to the world. The results are thus impossible to duplicate.

Riopelle's work will probably have a strong influence on other artists. "Make no mistake," the producer of a series of films called *L'Art et les Hommes* said recently on a Radio-Télévision-Française program on which Riopelle appeared, "fifty years from now the works of this man will be classed as masterpieces, and we are fortunate indeed to be living in the same moment in history as one of the masters." Rembrandt, da Vinci, Goya, El Greco, Rubens, Rouault and Matisse were a few of the other artists in this same series, and for a painter, in the words of Pearl Bailey, "that ain't no bad bunch to hang out with."



TRADITIONAL MEETS MODERN...

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3078A

Riopelle feels strongly that the present system of granting fellowships to artists for a year in Paris is all wrong. "What can an artist from Canada do here in a year?" he asks. "First, he must find a place to live, find out how he will live. Then, for six months, he just walks around seeing things. He must go to the museums, the galleries—he sees Paris, he sees a new life completely—it's impossible for him to start right in painting. So what does he do?" He shrugged. "At the end of the year maybe he has three sketches to take home."

Riopelle believes that scholarships should be for three years at least, and should be given to very young artists. "Maybe they would give fewer, but it would help more." He was recently suggested for a fellowship himself, but he refused to apply. "How will they help me now, to give me five thousand dollars?" he asked. "I would like very much to have their money, of course, and if they want to buy my paintings, okay—but if they have this money to give to a painter, they should give it to a young painter, not to somebody already established."

Riopelle has long periods when he doesn't paint at all, but simply studies his canvases. Each new painting is preceded by an intense period of mental concentration so that when, finally, the creative volcano erupts, the artist knows exactly what he's doing. As a result he seems somewhat single-tracked in his interests. He doesn't read much, never goes to theatre or movies, rarely listens to music and dislikes all forms of dancing. He has never watched his wife dance although she herself practices four hours daily at a studio and conducts regular lessons for little girls in black tights at a primary school in Vincennes.

Indeed, Madame Riopelle's weekly schedule is enough to make strong men blanch: in addition to dancing, teaching and running the household she makes all her own clothes and is an astonishing cook. The younger Riopelles have inherited their parents' separate talents: Sylvie likes to paint with large blobs

of lively color—an obvious influence from her father; Isolde has wanted to be a dancer since the age of three.

When Riopelle isn't painting he is a gregarious host, and he and his wife often entertain nightly, at home or at a restaurant, when he is on a sociable streak.

Last spring, when the Riopelles had some guests to dinner, one of them, who had not seen their apartment before, remarked, "I can't help thinking how lucky you people are to be living here surrounded by all these marvelous Riopelles!"

Her host roared with laughter. "That reminds me of a story about Picasso," Riopelle said. Picasso was having some friends to lunch in his house in the south of France. One of them looked around and said, "I notice you don't have any Picassos on your walls, Pablo—why is that, don't you like them?"

"Oh, on the contrary," Picasso replied. "I like them very much, it's just that I can't afford them!"

At the moment, Riopelle can still afford Riopelles. His total creative output is fantastic: once he painted forty pictures in forty days, and the wall shows no signs of drying. On an average he paints about one hundred and twenty-five pictures in a year, and except for the ones that he wants to keep he sells all of them through art dealer (and son of the artist) Pierre Matisse in New York, dealer Jacques Dubourg in Paris, and Tooth's art gallery in London.

Although the people who handle his paintings find it repugnant to assess an artist's work like so much mining stock, they all believe the investment value of a Riopelle purchased today is a sure thing. It's bound to increase in price, they say. Riopelle himself doesn't try to predict the future for he knows that his style of painting is in a state of evolution.

"Maybe I don't know what Jean-Paul means in these pictures," a friend from Canada said recently at his studio in Vanves. "All I know is, they make me want to shout with joy." ★

JASPER

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S

"Mummy, is that a Canadian?"

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, AUGUST 3, 1957

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BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINES



We travel with our kids — and like it continued from page 25

Here's the Bells' system for feeding five on the road for ten dollars a day

shimmering opalescent beauty to the countryside in the early morning that seems to vanish as the day wears on. A sunrise is a magnificent thing, even when viewed with sleepy eyes through a car windshield. And flat, monotonous wheat fields or down-at-the-heels little backwoods towns have tremendous charm in the wonderment of a rising sun that too often dissipates into scragginess and dust at midday.

How do you keep the children amused while traveling? That's the crux of the whole problem of motoring with the family. Most children are bored with scenery—or at least are saturated after a fairly short period of looking at it. So both you and the children will be happier if you don't rag at them for wrestling in the back seat or reading comic books while you're being enchanted up front by an old battleground or breathtaking slice of scenery. Point out these things to the kids—then leave them alone.

Car games are useful if they are carefully selected. We try to avoid those that require much adult participation or refereeing. On one trip we thought we had the amusement problem licked when we started the children out on a bingo-type game that involved identifying the makes of passing cars and filling in the names on cards. The one who completed his card first would be the winner. About five minutes after the game started the back seat exploded into a Donnybrook Fair over an identification. The protest was carried to the front seat where a split decision was rendered, which only accentuated the breach. The whole game finally disintegrated into a five-cornered argument until we finally deposited the cards in a roadside trash can.

Amusements that can be enjoyed individually are the most satisfactory. Books that require activity—coloring, answering questions, tracing, copying—are useful for younger children. Playing cards, puzzles (not the jigsaw type, but mechanical or skill puzzles) and models to be assembled are good for older youngsters. But the best combination of all, we've found, is a pencil and plenty of paper. Our children all carry clipboards with them, laden with paper that has all sorts of fundamental uses. It can be drawn on, made into spitballs and dispatched with a rubber band, or shaped into balls to throw at an improvised basket. It can also be used to figure mileages or for writing stories.

The greatest travel asset is the wonderfully volatile and vivid imagination of children. This can transcend the drabest surroundings outside or the longest day of traveling. Thus the car that has been following us for the last five miles is not driven by a Toronto shop owner heading for a Nova Scotia vacation with his family, but is jammed to the gunwales with desperadoes, awaiting an opportunity to run us off the road and switch cars to better ensure their getaway from a bank job just pulled in the last town. They must be carefully watched from a prone position in the back seat, with one eye cocked carefully out the rear window and a set of imaginary guns trained on them in case they make their move. Or that placid farmhouse is really a trapper's cabin, beset by Indians, and they must be picked off as we move across their rear echelons.

Sometimes this world of imagination

gets tangled up with the world of reality and the results are apt to be harrowing. Traveling on a turnpike in the eastern United States two years ago, I noticed that we were being followed by a state police car. I slowed down instinctively, hoping it would pass. When it did, it edged me inexorably off the road and to a stop at the side. I was startled when two policemen advanced from the car with drawn guns. They ordered my wife and me out of the front seat, and one of them held us at gunpoint while the second trooper peered into the back of our station wagon at three sets of wide eyes and two guilty consciences.

"Are these your parents?" asked the trooper.

When the children allowed they were, the tension eased sufficiently for us to discover that two notes in childish scrawl had been pushed out of our car windows in the last town through which we passed. The notes said cryptically: "Help! Help! We're being kidnapped."

Fortunately, imaginations are not always given such free rein. Toys and games are useful distractions. We permit each of our youngsters to bring two personal possessions on the trip with them. To six-year-old Debbie this means a doll and doll clothes carried in a tiny trunk. At ten, Patsy's tastes are likely to run to a box stuffed with an almost endless supply of plastic animals. Twelve-year-old David usually brings his ball

and glove and a chess game in which I become involved, calling off my moves from the front seat. This game, incidentally, has turned out to be an inspiration because it takes David so long to make each move that one game is good for an entire morning. The one addition I throw into this collection is a rubber ball, which can be used anywhere, anytime, by all of us to loosen up stiff car-riding muscles.

We also try to make the children part of the operating team by giving them certain responsibilities. The older children keep gas and expense logs, help follow the route on road maps, look up mileages, check the names and locations of upcoming towns, and keep thermos bottles of water replenished. Debbie is consulted on all such major decisions as stops for eating and lodging.

One of the most effective means we've found for easing that tired travel feeling is to make maximum use of necessary travel breaks. Nothing can cut down on daily distance more than repeated stops to water, toilet or otherwise placate passengers. But by making our three daily gas stops serve double or triple duty, we get the maximum benefit from travel breaks without losing travel time.

Here's how it works: We stop for gasoline at about 9.30 a.m., shortly after noon, and in mid-afternoon. We make the mid-morning stop in a small town and give each of the children a quarter to spend in the local general store while the car is being refueled. They have to buy something to busy themselves in the car—no candy, live pets (this restriction resulted from Patsy buying a turtle on one occasion) or destructive toys (including knives, water pistols or sling shots). Looking forward to this stop helps ease the morning travel and making use of whatever they buy often occupies their attention well into the afternoon.

The other two stops are combined with eating. We have lunch while the car is being serviced shortly after the noon hour, and use the mid-afternoon stop—again in a small town—to invade a grocery store and stock up on provisions for the evening.

Feeding five people on the road can be expensive, and we've had to find ways to circumvent eating our way into bankruptcy. In the morning we drive until we find a bakery. There we load up with freshly baked sweet rolls and, usually parked by the roadside out of town, make our breakfast on rolls and milk or orange juice bought the evening before. This is one of the high points of the day. We've just seen a magnificent sunrise, worked the sleep out of our eyes and discovered a gnawing appetite.

Perhaps the most important discovery we've made is that many restaurants offer virtually the same menu at noon that they offer at night—but at about one third the price. As a result we eat our big meal at noon.

Our evening meal, like breakfast, is eaten outside, weather permitting. If it's raining, we picnic in our motel room.

Sticking by this program, we've found that we can feed the five of us—and satisfy young appetites that are almost limitless—on ten dollars a day.

During the summer months when the trip is long, we take camping equipment,

My most memorable meal: No. 26

Patricia Joudry

tells about



The wonder of bacon in the soup

It was in Montreal, where I lived in my teens, and I had been invited for supper to the home of a school friend. Her family was a large one, from Argentina. The father was a musician, a concert pianist who played with great fire and passion but without much regard for the rules of musicianship. In Argentina he had been highly regarded and acclaimed for his soul-stirring music, but in Montreal, in those years of unemployment just before the war, he was unable to get any work but an occasional job as a laborer. The family was as poor financially as it is possible to be, and yet I have always remembered the simple meal they shared with me as one eaten in an atmosphere of abundant riches.

Their standard evening meal was potato soup, but on this particular evening, in honor of the guest, the mother had bought a few slices of bacon to fry and crumple up in the soup. The small children of the family were in a state of great anticipation about the bacon, and watched in solemn wonderment while it was frying. My friend and I sat at the kitchen table chattering, while I tried to conceal my astonishment that an ordinary item like bacon should be causing so much excitement. The bacon was added to the soup, and while it simmered, my friend's father announced that it was time for grace.

He took his place at the old

piano; his wife sat in a chair nearby and collected the small children on to her knee and around her on the floor. My girl friend went to stand by the piano; I followed. Then he began to play. The music was beautiful, with the quality of church music, but more joyful, I thought, like the music on an Easter morning. Soon after the music started, one of the children joined in with a high-voiced accompaniment; the baby banged a tin spoon against the piano in rhythm to the music; a small girl slid from her mother's lap and began a free graceful dance around the room. I waited to hear them reprimanded, but the mother just watched them, smiling, herself enraptured by the holy sound that filled the room. A lump came to my throat and I nearly wept... without knowing why.

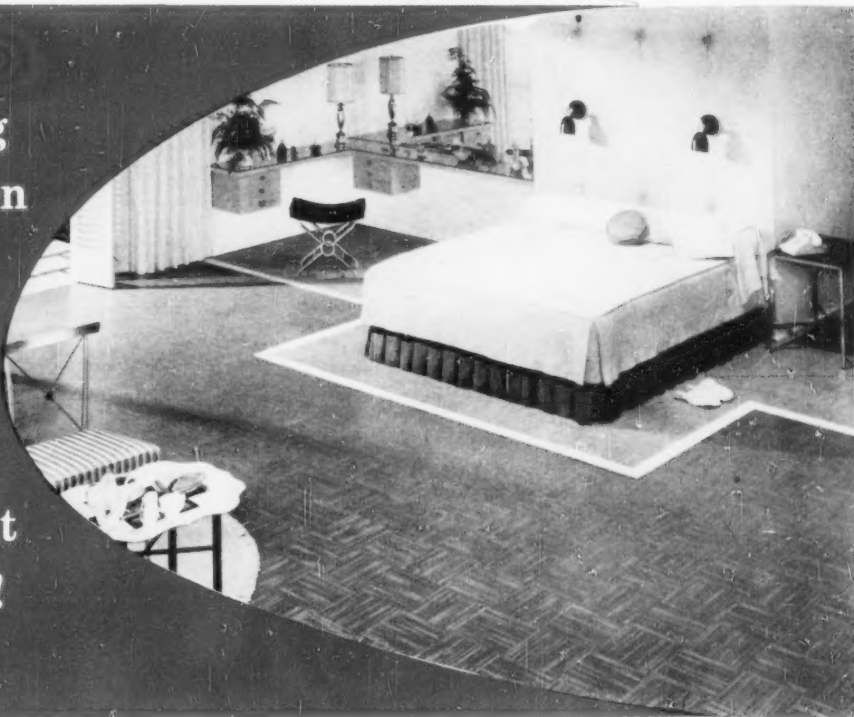
The music came to an end, and the father stood up and rubbed his hands together and shouted, "Okay, kids, let's eat!" Shyly I asked him what the piece was that he had played. He answered, "Piece? No piece, young friend. The family gathers around, I look at them and say to myself, 'Thanks be for all I have,' and let my heart guide my fingers. Tonight my fingers surpassed themselves, for we have a guest. And bacon in the soup."

And then we ate the soup with the bacon in it, seconds and thirds, lots for everybody. I had never tasted anything so wonderful, before or since.

PATRICIA JOUDRY IS A WIDELY ACCLAIMED CANADIAN PLAYWRIGHT.

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Ken B. Robertson



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Saturday Night
Western Homes & Living

save considerable money and add lustre to a long trip. But most of the time, we stay in motels. By stopping in the late afternoon, we usually have the pick of accommodations and can indulge in motel shopping—another activity that always pleases the children. We troop into motel rooms, weigh them against the last place and eventually vote on our selection for the night—a process more psychological than democratic since Janet and I carry the voting balance of power.

Where a choice exists, looking at several motels not only gets us the best

available accommodations for our needs but often results in unexpected economies, too. Motel operators are loath to see potential guests departing and—under a mistaken assumption that the reasons are always financial—will frequently pare their prices rather than lose business to their competitors.

There are a number of simple devices which will make the trip more enjoyable and much more significant to children. And they cost you nothing except perhaps a small amount of inconvenience.

The most successful of these is the

collection of souvenirs. Kids love to collect things, but because this sort of thing can easily get out of hand it must be controlled. We use the space method. Each child is given a box for souvenirs, and when the box is filled they must either quit collecting or replace older souvenirs with new ones. The problem of selection frequently keeps them busy for hours on end.

The children have also made abortive efforts at keeping a diary of their adventures. This hasn't proved especially successful, however, since we discovered

Patsy one day industriously writing her diary a week ahead so she wouldn't have to bother with it daily.

Simple contests always keep the kids amused—such as guessing the mileage to a town ahead. They also love to be quizzed, and question-and-answer periods can add to the children's store of knowledge. Little extra tastes of freedom help make the trip attractive to them too. The opportunity of ordering whatever they like in a restaurant; the chance to keep the same hours as mother and dad; the man-to-man intimacy of car conversation which, unhappily, isn't often enough possible in day-to-day living at home—these are some of the plus values of traveling in a car with your family.

There's a psychology to be observed too. Things should never be oversold to children; you'll get along with them much better if you undersell upcoming places and events and hope they will be pleasantly surprised. I remember a trip to Florida when the kids were getting restless and crochety. We cast around for something to give them a pleasant sense of anticipation. They had been studying about composer Stephen Foster in school and we noted that the Suwannee River was up ahead. So we gave it a big buildup. The kids reacted enthusiastically.

Well, it turned out to be just a river. There was a sign on the bridge, a few motels, several sway-backed horses pulling surreys on sight-seeing trips—and that was all. The kids peered incredulously at this scene, and Patsy broke into tears.

The most extreme case of overselling I've ever witnessed occurred on a visit to San Antonio, Texas, during the Davy Crockett craze. We were staying with some friends and I had borrowed their car to run an errand. I was waiting at a stop light in the downtown section when a dust-laden sedan bearing Iowa license plates pulled up beside me. It was probably a hundred degrees in the shade, and never had I seen such a completely bedraggled group. The driver was stripped down to his undershirt and was wearing a handkerchief tied about his head to keep the sweat out of his eyes which mirrored an incredibly hand-dog look. His wife beside him was red-faced and grim and was glaring into the back seat where two children were raucously voicing their displeasure. Noting my Texas plates, the man looked at me plaintively and said in a tone of hopeful, almost abject, humility, "Mister, can you please tell me where in the hell is this Alamo?"

It takes a delicate touch, but while underselling you should at the same time give children something to look forward to—and not something several days distant, but in the immediate offing. It doesn't have to be much. If no points of interest are immediately available, the anticipation of a soft-drink stop or a tour through a general store or a stretch in the country is enough. All they need is a psychological focal point to bridge the gap between the dawning boredom of the moment and the pleasant activity associated with something ahead.

Traveling with children can be a fruitful and fulfilling experience. Today's living is less and less geared to intimate family relationships. A long trip in the family car can renew these relationships in a most satisfactory manner, providing you are willing to work at it a bit. The joy of exploration and discovery in the process of getting re-acquainted with your family is frosting on the cake. When we learned to approach it as an opportunity rather than a chore, a big, new wonderful world opened up to us. ★



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The Canada Kendall sees from the sky

Continued from page 23

In Flying Fortresses to 'copters he spies on seals, counts logs and air-maps half of Canada

of Alberta and a mineral mapping of New Brunswick, Quebec and Labrador.

As a Colombo Plan gift from the Canadian government, Kendall's aircrews have photographed the whole of West Pakistan and Ceylon and his technicians have overprinted the resulting maps with assessments of untapped wealth, ranging from promising fruit-growing areas in uncleared jungles to likely locations for hydroelectric dams.

Kendall has carried out similar work for Australian and Dutch New Guinea oil companies. His aircrews are currently mapping for the Canadian government the northern half of Baffin Island, in the Arctic, and for the British government the region of Graham Land on the southern shores of the Antarctic continent.

At the same time Kendall is continuing Operation Overthrust, the biggest airborne geological survey ever undertaken. It was planned last fall and operations will not be completed until sometime in 1958. On behalf of a group of Canadian, British and American mining companies, four hundred thousand square miles of the Precambrian Shield, extending from Labrador to Manitoba, and deep into the United States, will be surveyed by Kendall's aircrews. The entire operation will cost about three and a half million dollars and provide an inventory of all mineral resources within the area, including such lesser-known metals as lithium, columbine, titanium and chromite.

Two years ago, for the Fisheries Research Board of Canada, his aircraft photographed the seals on the ice floes off the Maritimes and Newfoundland, and estimated their number at three million. This figure, plus valuable zoological data, was handed over to the Canadian and Norwegian sealing industries, which every year produce, from the amphibious mammals, two and a half million

dollars' worth of fur, leather and oil.

Once Kendall sent up a light aircraft to photograph a pile of logs outside a pulping mill. The pulp company wanted to know how many logs were there. From the dimensions of the cone and the average size of the logs Kendall's mathematicians estimated the number to within a few dozen.

Many builders hire Kendall to survey land they are planning to develop. The contours and information about the soil help them to divide the land into suitable lots and to plan efficient layouts of streets, sewers, power lines and water pipes.

Big though most of his jobs are, Kendall rarely turns down a small one. Typical of his fifty-dollar jobs was an interpretation of an existing air photograph, which enabled the client to decide on the best spot for a summer cottage.

Kendall's hundred-odd aircrew fly some twenty aircraft, ranging from converted wartime Flying Fortresses, Hudson medium bombers and Canso coastal reconnaissance amphibians to modern four-seater Cessna 170s and five-seater Bristol Sycamore helicopters.

Their work is exacting. Aircrews prospecting for sulphide ores such as copper fly Cansos back and forth over the area under investigation at precisely five hundred feet. They trail under the aircraft, at the end of a five-hundred-foot cable, an electro-magnetometer, which looks like a bomb and has a nasty habit of snagging trees. The pilots have to make their aircraft rise and fall according to the ups and down of the land below, a requirement imposing great stress on the eyes and nerves, especially in rough weather and over hilly country. If anything went wrong with an aircraft at this low altitude it would almost certainly be fatal to the crew.

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and Flying Fortresses at heights of twenty and thirty thousand feet respectively, operating for hours on end in oxygen masks. For accurate scale maps they have to keep the aircraft to within fifty feet of the specified altitude. That demands such exhausting concentration that pilots and co-pilots spell one another at half-hour intervals.

But in general the aircrews are a care-free lot. They usually manage, flying about the world from one job to another, to have "engine trouble" in bright spots like Miami, the Azores, London, Paris or Cairo. Celebrating an overnight stay in Rome, recently, one crew found themselves sitting in a night club at the next table to Farouk, the ex-king of Egypt. A navigator began to sing softly a popular off-color wartime ditty about the adipose monarch. To the crew's mortification Farouk joined in the chorus and bought drinks all around.

Sometimes aircrews are away from home for months and Kendall's senior executives are used to mollifying over the telephone the more anxious of their lonely wives. Kendall has instituted a company policy of footing the expenses of a reunion, in any part of the world, of couples who have been separated for more than two hundred and forty days. As a result many aircrew wives have enjoyed free holidays with their husbands in Europe, Africa, Asia and Australia.

Hatless and rumpled, Kendall himself flies all over the world to keep tabs on the progress of various surveys. Once, at Deception Island, his Antarctic base, he dined off shrimps that had been left by the receding tide in a volcanic crater on the beach, and conveniently boiled by natural heat. He says they were "delicious."

It was at this station that one of Kendall's aircrews sheltered for three months a Latin-American waiter who had stowed away on their supply ship in Montevideo. The man was in an acute and continual state of shock, in the snowy wilderness, because he'd hidden himself aboard believing the ship was sailing for New York, where he'd been promised a job in a night club.

Kendall's aircraft are not welcome everywhere. In Pakistan, an air cameraman gazed down one day and said, "Hi, fellas! Look at all those guys flashing mirrors at us." The pilot looked down and saw a tribe of Pathans. Then he glanced along his wings and noticed that they were riddled with holes. "Mirrors be damned!" he said. "They're firing at us."

Nor are rifle bullets the only weapons that have been used against Kendall's fleet. Flying over a South American jungle one crew went low to inspect a native village. Their curiosity was rewarded by a hail of upthrown spears.

Sometimes aircrews make unexpected finds. In Venezuela one crew discovered a mass of overgrown masonry deep in an unexplored jungle. Much to the delight of Venezuelan archeologists it turned out to be the remains of an ancient civilization.

Kendall's men have also rubbed shoulders with some uncommon epicures. At its Dutch New Guinea base one crew was supplied with labor from a nearby native jail. When the pilot asked what crime the prisoners had committed he was told proudly by a Dutch colonial official: "Their crime was purely technical. This territory, you must understand, is coveted by the republic of Indonesia. Recently Indonesia landed fifteen agitators here to provoke our natives into an anti-colonial revolt. But our natives are very loyal. Instead of obeying the agitators they killed and ate them... with HP Sauce."

In spite of the hazards of air survey Kendall has lost only two men. Both

were helicopter pilots, one of whom was killed in British Columbia, the other in Labrador. Kendall ruefully accepts responsibility for one further fatality.

As a good turn to the Dutch colonial authorities in New Guinea one of his crews consented to drop a padded bale, containing three hundred and fifty pounds of canned food, to a detachment of troops stationed in a remote jungle village.

The aircraft circled the village in preparation for the drop and the crew saw Dutch troops pushing back excited natives into a ring around the clearing. When it seemed safe, the navigator pushed the bale overboard.

Just as he was congratulating himself on his "bombing" accuracy he saw, to his horror, a native run out from the crowd into the centre of the clearing and prepare to catch the bale. The catch was successful. But the native didn't live to tell the tale.

Kendall's life has been so colorful that such a freakish incident seems unremark-



Who is it?

Force was part of his profession but now he helps solve disputes in an area where force is never used. Turn to page 40 to see who this boy grew up to be.

able. Born in Portugal where his English parents were in the shipping business, he was educated at Ampleforth, one of England's outstanding Roman Catholic boarding schools. He studied mathematics for two years at Oxford but left without graduating because he considered that the Depression of the Thirties was already laying too great a strain on his father's pocket.

A job came his way in the Johannesburg office of an air-survey company that worked for South African governments and for diamond and mining companies. When he flew home to join the RAF at the outbreak of the war this experience led to a commission in the Allied Central Photo-Interpretation Unit.

"The only people who really knew anything about air-photo interpretation in those days," he says, "were the French. They had photographed every inch of Germany and knew the country's war potential like the palms of their hands."

Kendall was taking a course at a Paris photo-interpretation school when France fell. With four comrades he squashed into a two-seater trainer aircraft and escaped to England.

Until the U. S. entered the war, he was chief of PIU. Afterward he was joint chief with an American officer of the same rank. Among his WAAF staff was Sarah Churchill, daughter of the prime minister. The unit's best feat was the detection of the V-1 and V-2 weapons twelve months before the first was fired.

A WAAF officer named Constance

Robington-Smith spotted a V-2 in an air picture. The weapon was being pushed by Germans under cover of some trees. Although the picture of the V-2 was no bigger than a grain of rice Kendall's experts were able to estimate its speed, range, flight altitude and explosive power. Through later studies of production plants at Peenemunde, and about a thousand firing ramps and towers scattered about France, Kendall was able to predict, in a visit to Churchill, the approximate time the first V-bomb would explode in London.

Subsequent Allied bombing of V-weapon sites delayed German use of the bombs by six months. As a result Allied troops went ashore on D-day unharassed by V-bomb explosions. During the advance Montgomery plotted their progress on a topographical model of the beach-head. This model, supplied by Kendall's unit, showed every ditch, hummock, hedge, crossroads and building in precise scale. The advance was aided by Allied secret agents working with the French underground behind enemy lines. Most of these agents had been landed from aircraft and submarines at points chosen by Kendall.

After the war Kendall joined the Hunting Group of Companies, an English family firm with global interests in shipping, aviation and oil. He talked the chairman and vice-chairman, the brothers P. L. and G. L. Hunting, into entering the air-survey business. When the company won a tender to survey Ontario's forests in 1946 Kendall came out to Toronto to clinch the deal.

Originally, Kendall intended to return to England but the Ontario job brought in so much additional business that he had to stay on in Canada.

Within two years he moved from his temporary headquarters in a hangar to a new building in Toronto and began to divide up his activities between a variety of new companies.

Each company specializes in a particular branch of the work. One owns the air fleet, another overhauls the aircraft, a third limits itself to aeromagnetic surveys, a fourth to mapping. A New York subsidiary is preparing to enter the U.S. air-survey field in competition with sixteen American companies. There are two further associates in Venezuela and Brazil. Each is controlled by Hunting Associates Ltd., of Toronto, which in turn is controlled by the Hunting Group of Companies, in England.

Kendall is president of all associated companies in the Americas and vice-president of the controlling Hunting Associates Ltd. He is answerable only to the brothers Hunting in England on matters of policy.

Kendall has built up Hunting Associates Ltd. with little capital help from the English parent group. As the profits have increased so has Kendall's personal income.

He has moved his South African wife, Joan, and three teen-aged children, from a modest six-room suburban Toronto home to a four-hundred-and-fifty-acre farm in the Caledon Hills, fifty miles northwest of the city. He also keeps an apartment in town for use when he is delayed late at the office.

His job, he says, is to clinch at a high level most of the big government contracts and to engage in what he calls "creating business." His best example of business creation occurred in Brazil where the government had been reluctant to allow a certain American company to prospect for oil. Kendall persuaded Brazil's president, Juscelino de Oliveira, that it would be worthwhile to give the American company a break. Then he sold the

American company an air survey of the territory in which it was interested.

He is a zealous worker. Once, in Venezuela, he joined an aircrew at a swimming pool, wearing trunks but carrying his characteristic black brief case. Between dips he worked on a complicated tender for an air survey.

Mrs. Kendall worries about his negligent dress habits. Recently when she was about to depart with him for an RCAF staff ball in Toronto she spotted a six-inch rip in the seat of his dress pants. She sewed it up as he stood abstractedly studying a paper of business statistics.

On another occasion Kendall was called upon to present a bouquet to his friend Sarah Churchill, who was making a personal appearance at the Odeon Theatre in Toronto. On the stage Miss Churchill looked radiant in a costly new gown. Mrs. Kendall covered her eyes as her husband walked onto the stage in an unpressed suit and dusty black shoes.

Kendall is constantly paying large sums for new suits, of sober hue and conservative cut, and then getting caught out by his wife as he wears them to clean out the barn at his farm.

Here Kendall relaxes by raising a hundred head of Hereford beef cattle, riding horseback, skiing, and swimming in the private family pool. He is host at week ends to clients of many races. Once he entertained a mixed party of Hindus and Moslems without transgressing the dietary laws of either. Evenings often end up in a singsong with Mrs. Kendall playing the piano, Kendall playing the tin whistle, and guests and children making up the chorus.

How to see through the ground

Week ends are often interrupted by long-distance business calls from the other side of the Atlantic or Pacific. Since Kendall is one of twenty-six subscribers on a party line the calls are a local sensation. Sometimes when reception is weak Kendall says patiently to the operator, "I'm afraid there are too many people listening in." Whereupon there is a series of clicks as the party-liners graciously hang up.

Kendall's ability to profit from a bird's-eye view of the world is now widely recognized. He is often summoned to the United Nations as an expert on the possible use of air survey as a means of controlling clandestine atomic production. This system, he believes, may one day be put into practice. "You can't hide much from modern air-survey equipment," he says. "Even if an atomic production plant is built deep underground, disturbances of the earth's surface show up in photographic prints. Magnetometers and scintillometers pick up the underground machinery and uranium supplies. And of course railroad sidings, which are still an essential to a factory of any size, are a dead giveaway."

His company has already demonstrated its ability to serve as an air-borne detective force.

A couple of years ago one of Kendall's aircrews was surveying in a South American country for thorium, a mineral used in cigarette lighters and gas mantles. Technicians aboard the aircraft were intrigued one day by the violent fluctuations of their instruments in response to an unnaturally dense deposit of thorium. They reported this phenomenon to a nearby thorium mining company. On investigation it proved to be a hut, hidden deep in the bush, and chock-full of refined thorium. The thorium had been stolen and cached by the company's chief engineer, who, shaking his fist at Kendall's aircrew, was frog-marched off to jail. ★



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GOLD LABEL
RUM

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Vancouver's enchanted evenings under the stars continued from page 19

The star system's out. This week's lead is next week's hooper

facing Malkin Bowl to enclose a one-night concert featuring John Charles Thomas, ten thousand citizens flocked to the park. Among them was an unknown number of save-the-park vigilantes. Armed with shovels and wirecutters, they came to rip the fence down—and did. In the melee, they overpowered ten cops and a small army of commissioners.

Fortunately for TUTS, its gaiety, color and charm seemed to harmonize with the natural wonders of Stanley Park right from the beginning. Soon even the vigilantes calmed down and Vancouverites came to regard TUTS as belonging in the park, along with the monkey cage, the old men playing checkers, the ducks on Lost Lagoon and the park's mile upon mile of scenic beauty.

Thus the Vancouver Sun was closer to fact than hyperbole when it said of Theatre Under the Stars, "It has become an indispensable feature of Vancouver's summer life. It is part of Vancouver's civic personality and part of Vancouver people themselves."

Not only is TUTS safe from attack by the park patriots, but its fans are often so devoted that even when they lodge a complaint they may temper it with praise. Consider the case of the man who wrote a stern letter demanding a new pair of nylons for his wife, to replace those she had snagged on a TUTS bench. As a postscript, he added, "The performance of Brigadoon was to us an outstanding one and one which we shall long remember." The management sent him \$2.01—to buy his wife a new pair of stockings.

Rodgers and Hammerstein came higher. They pocketed four thousand dollars a week during South Pacific's three-week stay at Malkin Bowl—the highest royalty yet paid by TUTS for any show.

Bill Buckingham, lawyer, actor and baseball fan, who is producer and general manager, explains his choice of shows partly in the vernacular of his favorite sport. "We try to give the people a change of pace," he comments. "Something familiar and melodic, like The Merry Widow or The Student Prince, followed by our hard, high one, something right from Broadway, like South Pacific or Pajama Game."

Buckingham is not above sanitizing even the biggest hit, as he did in a small way with Finian's Rainbow when TUTS played it for a second time last summer. A climactic scene has one of the leading characters unearthing the pot at the end of the rainbow. Naturally, it turns out to be an old-fashioned piece of bedroom furniture. In TUTS' 1952 version of Finian the pot was there, as large as life. Complaints of vulgarity reached Buckingham by way of the chief of police. When Finian was revived in 1956, the pot was thrown out and the actress merely pretended to find one, after which she remarked, "Oh, it's turned to dust."

At first TUTS paid its performers only carfare, but an almost completely local company of professional directors, dancers, actors, singers, costume and scene designers, and stage technicians has been built up over the years. In the chorus pay is at the Equity scale of seventy dollars a week. At the other end of the scale the top fee ever paid a lead actor is said to be a thousand dollars a week.

Of its production staff only the choreographer, Aida Broadbent, is not a Vancouverite. She works out of Los Angeles

and is considered one of the outstanding choreographers in the U.S. Her other assignments include staging Jimmy Durante's TV and night-club shows; those of the San Francisco and Los Angeles Light Opera Company; and coaching movie stars in dancing. "It's Aida who gives TUTS shows that final polish," says Barney Potts, a TUTS comedian of many seasons' standing.

Once, in 1952, TUTS produced a locally written show about a local industry. This was Timber!!, written by Dolores Claman, David Savage, and Doug Nixon. At the box office Timber!! drew more than fifteen thousand people in four nights. Its authors were paid a thousand dollars.

Featured players from Broadway are usually imported to take the leads in TUTS productions but almost everything else is strictly native. As a rule local talent is cast in the second leads and, at times, is given top billing. This season

ANSWER TO

Who is it? on page 38

General A. G. L. McNaughton, Canadian commissioner of the International Joint Commission, the Canadian-U.S. body that deals principally with common border-area problems.

two Vancouver singers who hit their first high Cs in the theatre's chorus are cast in starring roles—Wendy Martin in The Student Prince and Betty Phillips in Kiss Me, Kate.

Producer Bill Buckingham and his two directors, Jimmy Johnston and Dorothy Davies, are all busy radio actors. Thousands of British Columbians hear them every weekday on the CBC's farm broadcast in a serial entitled The Carson Family, in which all three have roles.

Buckingham, who was born in Boissevain, Manitoba, fifty-one years ago, practiced law and did radio work on the side until 1948. "I liked court work—a ham at heart, I suppose," he recalls. He still looks and talks like a lawyer.

After acting and producing for TUTS since its early days, Buckingham took charge of production in 1950 and became general manager four years later. Two years ago he was offered the post of business manager of the Stratford Festival but turned it down. "I like living in Vancouver and I like acting," he explains.

Jimmy Johnston, a forty-year-old veteran of thirteen Theatre Under the Stars seasons, will direct three of the four musicals this summer. The fourth, Kiss Me, Kate, will be directed by Dorothy Davies, an evangelist's daughter whom press agent Hugh Pickett describes as "the most theatrical person in the company—everything she does or says is theatrical." Versatile (she writes, acts and directs) and slightly volatile, Miss Davies won the best-director award of the Dominion Drama Festival in 1955.

Not long before she joined Theatre Under the Stars in 1953 she was the centre of Vancouver's liveliest freedom-

of-the-theatre controversy. Detectives strode on stage at the Avon Theatre during a performance of Tobacco Road, closed the play and arrested director Davies and seven others. The charge against her—of staging an indecent performance—was never pressed.

Theatre Under the Stars' sets and most of the costumes are Vancouver-designed and made by TUTS itself. Sets are the work of a department-store display artist, Charles Baker, and technical supervisor Gail McCance, who, though only thirty-two, has been with the theatre for fourteen seasons. Also TUTS-trained is costume manager Cy Cook, who began under the company's first wardrobe wizard, Stuart Mackay, now costume and decor designer for the outdoor show at the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto.

The do-it-yourself spirit that has been a Theatre Under the Stars hallmark since its amateur days is perhaps best personified by stage manager Tom Lea.

To Lea, whose eight-to-five job is supervisor of frozen-food sales for a large canning company, the stage is a sideline, though a deadly serious one. Since joining TUTS in its fourth season, he has designed much of the theatre's lighting equipment. He makes it in his basement, an incredibly cluttered labyrinth, and tests the lights in his backyard.

While tinkering for TUTS Lea designed and later patented a theatre spotlight which he now manufactures in his basement and sells to dramatic groups across the country. It's called the Lealite and he says it embodies several innovations in design and construction.

Another Lea innovation is the mythical Gold Star. This he awards, at the close of each show, to the player who has given most to the company's performance: "Usually someone in the chorus."

"We're quite a professional company now," Lea observes. "But even so, we manage to keep alive that vital amateur enthusiasm that marked our early days. It's that spirit, I think, that gets across to our audiences."

TUTS has avoided the star system. A girl may sing a featured part in one show and step back into the chorus for the next. The imports are talented troupers, with fine reputations in show business, but they are not big-name stars. George London, the Metropolitan Opera baritone, went on to fame but when the Montreal-born singer appeared with TUTS in 1944 his obscurity could be measured by his salary—seventy-five dollars a week. At the Met he commands a thousand dollars a performance.

This year's imports include Robert Goulet, Shirley Harmer's television co-star on Showtime, who will play in The Pajama Game. Among the six featured players emigrating from Broadway and other U.S. way-points are Robert Rounseville, of the Met, Tim Herbert, a comedian who has starred in the road company of Where's Charley?, and Mary La Roche, who has recently completed a film, The Mad Ball.

So well known is TUTS as a training-ground that singers from all over B.C., Washington State, the prairies, and even a few from eastern Canada try each year to get into the act. Some aspirants pay their own plane fare merely to audition. Others mail voice recordings. This year a TUTS group, including choral director

Heverly Syse, listened to—and looked at—three hundred singers before giving the nod to twenty-four of them. All but one of these—Bob McMurry, of Seattle—were British Columbians.

Radio and TV studios, film sets, the legitimate stage, and night-club floors, from Toronto to Las Vegas and New York to London, have seen dancers, singers, and actors—most of them natives of Vancouver—who have graduated from Theatre Under the Stars.

Actor Peter Mannering, a seven-year veteran of TUTS, brought word on his recent return to Vancouver from London, where he himself appeared on radio, television, the stage, and in two films, that at least seven of the theatre's alumni were then gainfully employed in British show business. "In London," he says, "they prick up their ears at once at the mention of TUTS."

Of all TUTS' graduates it is the dancers, adept at everything from ballet to buck-and-wing, who have achieved the greatest measure of success beyond the limits of Stanley Park. Foremost among these are Lois Smith and David Adams, her husband. Now with the National Ballet, they are regarded by many as the nation's leading dancers. So great has been TV's demand—especially in Toronto—for TUTS hoofers that choreographer Aida Broadbent has had to start from scratch this year with a chorus of promising beginners.

Navy out, scenes in

When TUTS itself began in 1940 under the sponsorship of the park board it drew thirteen thousand customers to fifteen performances—two Shakespeare comedies, selections from grand opera, a musical—but lost nine thousand dollars. For the next ten years, while the present policy of producing Broadway successes was being evolved, the losses continued periodically. In 1950 city council advised the park board to get out of show business, and a non-profit group called Vancouver Civic Theatre Society was formed. TUTS has been operated by the society ever since, but it's still linked, informally, with the city through aldermen and park commissioners who sit on the society's board of directors. It receives no civic grant but it does get a friendly assist from the park board. No rental is charged for Malkin Bowl; instead TUTS pays a maintenance fee of about seven thousand dollars a year. This includes use of a former naval training station as a scenic studio.

In tribute to one of its founders, Theatre Under the Stars has established the E. V. Young Scholarship, a five-hundred-dollar award made annually to further the theatrical career of one of its younger performers. The 1956 winner was nineteen-year-old Marina Katronis, formerly of the Winnipeg Ballet, who last year played in TUTS' production of *South Pacific*. She is with TUTS this year and plans to attend the American Ballet Theatre School in New York this fall.

The TUTS story isn't complete without mention of what to Bill Buckingham and his associates is an unmentionable four-

letter word, r--n. In the wonderful summer of 1953 not a single TUTS performance was r--ned out, and an all-time attendance record of 185,307 was set. (The cash take was slightly less than in 1956 as admission prices were lower. But the profit was big enough that, in its non-profit way, TUTS distributed bonuses to performers and production crews.) The next two years came the deluge—and TUTS nearly drowned. Its cash surplus shrank from \$94,800 to \$9,000. Since then the theatre has obtained from Lloyd's an insurance policy that will pro-

tect it from disastrous losses on account of r--n.

Once a TUTS performance begins the show goes on, even if it does begin to rain. The only unsheltered member of the company is musical director Harry Pryce, who, in raincoat and hat, continues to conduct the pit orchestra. The first time the players kept singing in the rain it was by audience request. At the end of the show, the cast did a switch and applauded the audience.

When the rains come two large squares of butcher paper are passed out to each

spectator. These are meant to cover the knees and shoulders, but it has become a tradition for the regular patron to fold one piece into a soldier's hat.

The lighthearted defiance of the elements pleases Buckingham but it never stops him from praying for a ten-year drought. For, to him, there's more than a sprinkling of truth in the remark once passed by comedian Barney Potts:

"TUTS has such a beautiful spot to play in, you could go down there and put on *Punch and Judy*, and pack 'em in—if you have a lovely night." ★



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"We're more vulnerable than U.S. performers"—George Murray and famous wife Shirley Harmer.



"We won't take on a weekly program"—top-rated Canadian comedians John Wayne and Frank Shuster.

TV overexposure—it hits Canadian stars hardest

Some Canadian performers have worried over the great U.S. TV occupational hazard—overexposure to audiences resulting in declining popularity. Wayne and Shuster, Canada's top comedy team, refuse to undertake a weekly program to avoid "audience saturation." Elaine Grand left the popular program *Tabloid* partly because she was afraid she was "being seen too much." In 1951 Gisele MacKenzie, now riding high in U.S. television, found CBC jobs hard to get after a big year in radio, on the grounds that audiences were tiring of her.

In some ways Canadian TV stars are more vulnerable to "audience overexposure" than U.S. performers, maintains singer George Murray, whose wife Shirley Harmer is also a top TV performer. "Many Canadian TV stations have captive audiences who have to look at you when your program is on—or not look at television at all," says Murray. On the other hand where Canadian viewers can tune in U.S. stations they tend to "protect" Canadian performers against overexposure—by not looking at Canadian TV. Canadian disloyalty to home talent seems to be in direct ratio to the availability of non-Canadian TV programs. In Toronto set owners can tune in one U.S. station perfectly, another fairly well and a third if they buy an attach-

ment. According to one of the largest Canadian TV rating services, the CBC's Toronto station averages 27 percent of the Canadian audience within its range. Vancouver's CBC outlet has some U.S. competition, but less than Toronto, and gets a little more than half its area's custom. Winnipeg, like many a prairie and Maritimes city, is virtually a one-station community and gets just about all the TV viewing in the area.

The listener ratings of familiar Canadian programs reflect this situation. According to the same rating service, the following chart shows ratings recorded during a typical week of the season just past. The rating figure indicates the proportion of sets tuned to the specified program, in relation to all the sets installed in the area, whether or not they were in operation at the time:

Show	Rating in Toronto	Vancouver	Winnipeg
Denny Vaughan	13	27	71
Holiday Ranch	26	34	64
Graphic	14	29	62
Cross Canada Hit Parade	19	28	65
Plouffe Family	15	25	72
Showtime	13	38	76

What kind of TV will we get this fall? continued from page 13

time looking at television when a wider choice of stations is offered, and the longer television has been available to them.

This dual trait is well illustrated in Canada where TV is old in some parts and new in others. Take two areas in the same province: TV is a comparative novelty in the Cochrane-Kirkland Lake region of Ontario, and is as old as U.S. television in the southwestern Ontario area between Toronto and Windsor. In the northern district one station is received, CFCL Timmins; in the older area many locations receive two or three Canadian stations and four or five U.S. stations—everything on all networks.

The "captive" CFCL audience is waiting eagerly at five-p.m. sign-on, when two out of three TV sets go into operation. To the south, where TV has been available since seven in the morning or earlier, the five-p.m. audience may be as low as one in three sets. The one-station audience mounts steadily until at the peak between seven and nine in the evening the proportion of sets in use comes very close to a hundred percent. Viewers with a choice of half a dozen stations, meanwhile, reach a peak which on some nights adds up to fewer than two out of three sets being turned on. By midnight CFCL in relatively isolated

Timmins may still have an audience of one third the sets within reach, while the veteran listeners to the south are represented by faithful old-movie fans numbering ten or twelve percent of the potential audience.

Paradoxically, more and more homes throughout the continent become "television households" every year, at the rate of approximately seven million new sets installed annually, including replacements. The industry is thus able to claim an annual increase in total "viewer hours" even though viewers look at their screen less the longer they have a set. Carried to absurdity, the trend would

mean that eventually all homes had TV sets—at which nobody looked.

What happens in reality is that "viewing hours" become stabilized in time at an average of between two and four hours per person per day. This means, in turn, that all programs, from early morning until late at night, find themselves competing for viewer interest that is rather strictly rationed.

The television industry adds some rationing regulations of its own by its strange and firmly established insistence on pitting one top show against another. This has meant that the viewer could not see both Gleason and Como, or Sid Caesar and Lawrence Welk, or Ed Sullivan and Steve Allen. Sooner or later one of the competing stars draws ahead of the other in popularity rating and the loser is without a sponsor—and a program.

"It is," concedes one television executive, "rather like requiring two marksmen competing for a prize to shoot, not at a target, but at each other."

The networks maintain the practice is the public's own fault. "You've got to throw your best against the other networks' best," said Mike Foster, an NBC vice-president, "because viewers have a habit of staying with the station they're tuned in to. If you concede defeat in one time segment you're likely to lose the viewers for the rest of the evening."

Viewers, though, are valuable only when they come in masses. The individual TV fan must face the fact that he has a small value indeed to the sponsor. The latter is willing to pay approximately \$3.18 for a minute of advertising time for every thousand television homes on a U.S. network (two dollars per thousand homes is the Canadian average). The U.S. rate works out at about one third of a cent for every minute of commercial from every set.

But to reach the viewers with a typical half-hour evening network show the sponsor spends a hundred thousand dollars. At worst he will get his show (and his message) into five million homes; at best he can attract fifteen million. This wide variation in potential audience is one of the reasons why filmed shows are on the increase—they can dodge lethal competition from "opposite" shows to some extent by presenting them at different times in various time zones.

With the increase in filming TV shows, Hollywood shows signs of becoming the U.S. television capital. Its superior equipment, facilities and personnel have been bringing TV companies running. The television divisions of advertising agencies have been setting up Hollywood branches. New York TV players are in a dilemma as to whether to move out to the coast.

What difference will the wholesale switch to film—and to Hollywood—make in what the viewer sees on his screen? There's lively disagreement on whether or not filming decreases the picture quality and "freshness" of the acting. Filming suffered a setback when Jackie Gleason switched to it two seasons ago. Gleason had been riding high in popularity but his filmed program coincided with the beginning of the decline that skidded him clear out of TV.

Television executives decided, though, that there was more to Gleason's fall than going to film. Since then programs on film have been increasing steadily. In the 1955-56 season they accounted for only two out of five programs on the choice seven-p.m.-to-eleven-p.m. time segments. In the 1956-1957 season filmed shows actually went into the majority—fifty-five percent. The prediction for the new season that starts in a few weeks



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"Some experts say very few live TV shows will survive the swing to film"

is that seventy percent of night-time programs will be filmed. When Robert Lewine, the American Broadcasting Company network vice-president in charge of TV programming, was asked where filmed TV might go from there, he answered, "Further still — much further."

Some people in the industry are convinced that in another two or three years only sports events, spot news, a few of the top quiz and panel shows and a handful of prestige shows like Sullivan, Studio One, Playhouse 90 and the U.S. Steel Hour will remain live.

Lewine, who says the average viewer doesn't know or care about the difference between film and live presentation, adds, "Film eliminates the last-minute hazards—the players' migraine headaches, the blown lines, the frantic revisions that always follow final rehearsals and the risk of equipment failure. The scissors long ago eliminated mistakes in motion pictures, and television mistakes too can wind up in the cutting barrel."

Another important—possibly the most important—difference between live production and film is that the latter has many lives (and incomes) while the former for all practical purposes is a one-shot affair. Live shows are sometimes kinescoped for later re-use, but the technique suffers from poor quality and the unions involved in producing the show restrict the re-showing to one, usually.

Filmed shows may have an astonishingly high resale value. The very films of Jackie Gleason's half-hour Honey-mooners that contributed to his decline have since fetched more than a million dollars. Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz have sold their past I Love Lucy films for four million dollars. Eve Arden is apparently sure of a life income from ancient prints of Our Miss Brooks now on their fourth or fifth time around.

A fear expressed by critics of filmed TV is that the "Hollywood influence" will make scripts and acting more flamboyant than New York's comparatively restrained manner. The Hollywood ingredient, though, seems more likely to increase a program's popularity, judging by the impact on TV viewers of Hollywood's familiar product, full-length movies.

The simple, revolutionary idea of running an old movie through a television transmitter is said to have occurred first to the harassed program manager of a small station who needed a program that was (a) cheap and (b) long. To his surprise, viewers demanded more.

Few Hollywood movies were then available to TV. The studios still regarded television as a mortal enemy. The perfidious British, though, were willing to accept cash for movies, few of which even in their prime had swamped the U.S. box offices. The Rank Organization sold most of its movie inventory for TV showing five years ago. The price was not made public but it is reported in the industry that Rank made more money from TV rights than the pictures had netted originally in motion-picture theatres.

Only two years ago did Hollywood studios start to open their vaults. Almost all Hollywood movies seen on television were made in 1948 or earlier. The reason is that before August 1948 the studios held all rights to their products; since then contracts have given writers, actors and others concerned a share of proceeds from re-runs. Some studios have now started negotiations with the unions involved to clear post-1948 movies for TV use.

But even the surprising success of English movies on U.S. television didn't prepare the industry for what happened when decade-old Hollywood movies were aired. In Minneapolis a local station, KMGM, ran Honky Tonk with Clark Gable and Lana Turner in opposition to network shows including George Gobel, Hit Parade, Gunsmoke and Sheriff of Cochise, all riding high at the time. More viewers looked at the movie than at the other shows combined. Next night Joan Crawford and Fred MacMurray in Above Suspicion outdrew the Loretta Young Show, \$64,000 Challenge and Omnibus.

Similar reports came from other cities. Practically overnight old movies became the most important single item in television programming. When the surprised television people took time out to analyze the reason for this unexpected situation, they realized it was eminently logical: the Hollywood product had been made at a cost of hundreds of thousands.



MACLEAN'S
"And believe me, folks, extensive tests have proved to us mice that Royal Manaco's are the safest, mildest cigarette on the market."

or even millions, of dollars, featured extensively publicized stars, had been made by technicians of top ability and plotted and presented attractively enough to persuade people not merely to switch on in comfort at home, but to go out and pay to see. All of which explains why a movie like M-G-M's Random Harvest, which in 1942 played to a record million and a half people in an eleven-week run at New York's Radio City Music Hall, attracted nearly twice that number fifteen years after in one showing on WCBS-TV's Late Show.

What old movies have meant to TV economics is well illustrated by the experience of that New York station. Until movies became a TV vogue, WCBS-TV petered out after the eleven-o'clock news to the "slumber music" of a four-piece orchestra. Now at eleven-fifteen every night, 365 nights a year, the Late Show starts. When the first movie ends, the Late Late Show begins. (There was a Late Late Late Show for a time but station officials decided that was stretching a good thing too far.)

WCBS-TV's Late Show is that top earner in TV previously mentioned. The movie is shown in segments, which allow ten one-minute commercials per program, at \$1,250 a minute or \$12,500 a night or \$4,562,500 a year.

In spite of the tonic quality of ancient movies, they have been little used in network programming. (An exception: ABC's Famous Film Festival which, consisting of British movies in the main, and spotted in the murderous time slot between

Como and Gleason, nevertheless managed to steal up to ten percent of the TV audience.) One theory on why the networks have cold-shouldered movies is that they feel television must establish itself as an art form in its own right, rather than as a method of distributing the products of another entertainment business. And the popularity polls and rating systems are giving the best TV offerings a hard enough time without inviting competition from movies.

Popularity polls and rating systems are the subject of more discussion and debate in the television industry than anything else. Half a dozen companies purport to show, by means of mechanical gadgets attached to a cross section of TV sets in a given area, or by interviews, or forms filled out by volunteer listeners, or by telephone calls made to listeners during a program, the "listener rating" of every show. The most controversial of the polls is Trendex, largely because it reports its findings fastest—overnight in most cases. Trendex operates in fifteen key cities and makes a total of eight hundred calls to check half-hour programs, or fourteen hundred telephone calls for an hour show. Trendex officials claim that no significant differences would be found if more listeners, or all listeners, were called. Experimentally, Trendex has based polls on seventeen thousand calls and arrived at the same results as with eight hundred.

Some TV stars have bitterly denounced polls when the latter recorded a decline in viewer interest. Walter Winchell (whose newspaper column praised polls until they showed his variety program to be losing popularity) called E. G. Hynes Jr., president of Trendex, to berate him personally. "I could never make him understand that there was nothing personal in our findings," says Hynes. Jackie Gleason, whom the polls found to be lagging consistently behind Perry Como in viewer preference, maintained defiantly, "When people are looking at my show on TV they won't answer the telephone." George Jessel explained the low rating of his show by asserting blandly that all his fans lived in hotels and motels and couldn't be reached by telephone. Groucho Marx is different—he doesn't believe in ratings, even though his show is frequently among the top ten.

Another item of information offered by Trendex is an estimate of the extent to which viewers know what a show is selling. This may not be connected directly with the popularity of the show or its star, but it often has a decisive influence on what makes or breaks a U.S. television show—sponsorship. The monthly "sponsor identification index" can, therefore, be almost as devastating as the viewer ratings. Even the peerless I Love Lucy once lost a sponsor, Philip Morris cigarettes, because although the show had a top rating it did not significantly increase sales of cigarettes.

If the sponsor values the viewer's attention at less than one third of a cent for a minute, the viewer in turn often shows a depressing apathy over the sponsorship of even his favorite program. In May, for example, a sponsor identification index of the hundred top TV shows indicated that in one third of the programs the sponsor was unknown or wrongly identified by more than half the viewers.

The topic of sponsor identification belongs in a discussion of what's ahead in TV because in the U.S. world of commercial television the commercials are

extricably bound up with the programs. Canadian TV players and performers, and quite likely Canadian viewers (when they can be persuaded to look at Canadian programs) have reason to be grateful that, on the CBC, sponsorship is not quite as mandatory a condition for the survival of a program as in the U.S. The CBC's willingness to carry sustaining and semi-sustaining programs in much larger proportion than the U.S. networks means that a Canadian program has a chance to outlive early audience indifference and later ups-and-downs and create a place for itself in viewers' appreciation. The loss of a sponsor does not mean, for example, that Wayne and Schuster, Canada's top comedy team, are summarily banished from the air as happened with Gleason, Caesar and other U.S. comedy stars.

American preoccupation with commercials and their impact means, however, that much brainpower is going into making TV plugs more effective (and less offensive, if that doesn't interfere with the effectiveness). Viewers are going to see more cartoon characters cavorting in an attempt to spread goodwill for the sponsor's name rather than commercials that order all viewers to rush out and buy something immediately.

There will probably also be more programs in which the star is persuaded to say a few kind words for his sponsor's product. Reason: the two programs with by far the highest "sponsor identification index" are Garry Moore's *I've Got a Secret* and Lawrence Welk's program for Dodge and Plymouth cars. Moore talks so effectively about Winston cigarettes that ninety-four percent of his audience recollects the name. And Welk, with his sponsor's big V symbol as a backdrop for his orchestra and his own occasional reference to the "beaudiful Plympt" is able to make eighty-four percent of his viewers remember.

Just how great a problem sponsor identification is can be seen from the fact that even when a program's name contains the sponsor's name, an incredible number of people don't catch on. For instance, in the May Trendex report one listener in four didn't know that Kraft sponsors the Kraft Theatre; one in five didn't associate Lux Video Theatre with Lux soap; one viewer in three watching Alcoa Playhouse didn't know the show was sponsored by Alcoa; and fewer than one in three saw a connection between the General Electric Theatre and the General Electric Company.

If viewers tend to take less interest in some aspects of television than advertisers would like, they can also become quite emotional about other aspects. The dethroning of the comedians, for example, is a topic that can get a conversation going almost any time. The day it was announced in New York that Sid Caesar had joined Jackie Gleason and other former top comics in TV unemployment, women wept as they were interviewed by a sidewalk announcer.

"I've been unfaithful to Sid," one matron confessed. "I've been sneaking looks

at Lawrence Welk. A few times I've even stayed with Welk for the whole program."

Within the television industry itself, however, there appears to be a vast calm about the fate of the comics, or even a tendency to be surprised at the public's surprise. "Overexposure" and "saturation viewing" are the phrases most often used to explain the decline in popularity of the comic. Bing Crosby, TV's great holdout, delivered a comment that hinted strongly at why he can be persuaded to appear on television only at long intervals: "Anybody who allows himself to appear on TV once a week is out of his mind. Audiences become so used to his every gesture that even if they love him they're not interested any more."

The great survivor of the one-man, big-time weekly comedy program is Red Skelton. Skelton started late in TV, and slowly. There was even doubt he could survive. But today he is the only "single" whose future seems assured. As a result, TV pundits are beginning to talk of Skelton as "one of the great comic geniuses of our time," and to recall detecting, when Skelton was struggling with the new medium, that he had "a certain something" that would mean eventual success.

Persons mourning for the comedians in eclipse might find it comforting to recall that though the comics' artistic pride may be hurt most of them are not suffering economic pain. Because networks hate to lose popular performers, they hasten to put anyone who looks "big" under a long and generous contract. The first comedy name to be thus cushioned against poverty was Phil Harris, whose humor consisted largely of the supposition that he drank to excess. Harris is waiting out a ten-year fifty-thousand-dollar-a-year contract that doesn't require him to act unless he likes a script. He hasn't liked a script for a long time.

Not only do performers like Gleason, Caesar, and Godfrey operate under contracts which pay up to a hundred thousand dollars a year "work or no," but lesser lights like Imogene Coca and Wally Cox, at the height of their popularity, entered pacts that guarantee them parts worth twenty-five thousand a year.

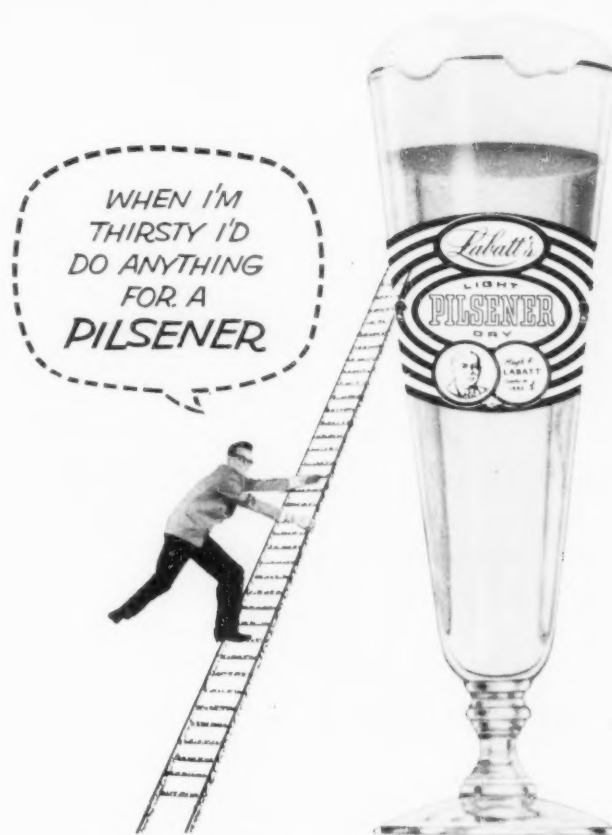
Television people think Caesar was enunciating an important truth when he said, on the occasion of his parting with NBC recently, "What television comedians need is new audiences." In a couple of years, they feel, those new audiences will be waiting—or old audiences refreshed and ready to be convulsed by comedians back from their sabbaticals. For the television trade is matter-of-factly confident that all the fallen comedians will be back.

"What's ahead for television?" echoed one battle-scarred veteran executive of the airways. "Well, if we look far enough ahead we're sure to see headlines. 'Comedians biggest draw in TV—Westerns and mysteries are drug on market.' In other words, what the viewing public will get is what the viewing public shows it wants." ★

Shore lines

Oh, don't give a thought to the water and sand!
Come into the house, though you're dripping,
For here at the beach we're a lighthearted band
With our picnicking, sunning and dipping.
I firmly believe we should frolic and rest here,
And not mind the clutter. (I too am a guest here.)

IRENE WARSAW



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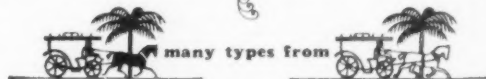
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For the sake of argument continued from page 6

"Charges of bad taste are a way of evading disagreeable truths"

continue to frown. Good taste required that, like Sir Anthony's colleagues in his government, I should go through the motions of believing in his wisdom and efficiency despite the overwhelming weight of evidence to the contrary. In such circumstances, bad taste, surely, becomes a virtue.

Again, the invitation to Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev to come as official guests to this country seemed to me misguided and undignified. I said so, in Punch and elsewhere, with some emphasis. Imagine my astonishment when highly respectable and affluent persons (whom Bulganin and Khrushchev would assuredly regard as fit only for the tumbrel) wrote to complain that I had once more been guilty of execrable taste. The canons of polite behavior required that no mention should be made of the ferocious insults with which our guests had lambasted us and everything we stood for in the world during a recent tour of India and Burma, or of the murderous practices and treacheries whereby they had managed to survive through the Stalin era—to whose enormities Mr. Khrushchev himself has so vividly testified.

It is one of the many ironies of trying to bring out a humorous magazine that what actually happens is so vastly funnier than what can be imagined. For sheer comicality nothing could have exceeded a letter I received from a church dignitary, rebuking me in indignant terms for having been rude to the heads of the most brutal and most irreligious state so far known on earth. I might, from the manner of his address, have been casting aspersions upon some archdeacon's impeccable widow rather than upon two gangsters compared with whom Tamburlaine the Great and Genghis Khan were mere beginners.

Perhaps the best example of all of this confusion between honest comment and bad taste is provided by the consequences of any observation, other than purely adulatory, about the monarchy as an institution and about members of the royal family as individuals. Thus when the abortive romance between Princess Margaret and Group Captain Townsend was being publicly and tediously expounded, I ventured to suggest that the monarchy, if it was to survive, could not afford to be conducted in terms of a royal soap opera. This, too, failed to please.

Yet far from any disparagement of the monarchy being intended, my motive was to draw attention to the possibility that this precious institution would be endangered if its purely personal aspects came to take precedence over its symbolism. Undue adulation, with its inevitable accompaniment, undue curiosity, could ultimately bring it into disrepute more effectively than the most astute and energetic attacks upon it; the tendency to make of royalty an *ersatz* religion, not republicanism, endangered its future. An unwholesomely adulatory atmosphere might lead members of the royal family to lose their heads, not, indeed, physically, as Charles I lost his on the executioner's block, but with consequences scarcely less calamitous.

Until quite recently such considerations would have appeared perfectly legitimate. Queen Victoria was publicly and harshly criticized for her insistence, after the Prince Consort's death, on living in strict

retirement. No one (except the Queen) considered this to be in bad taste. It was accepted as fair comment. The fact that it could be made without giving rise to accusations of bad taste was a measure of the strength of the monarchical institution, of the degree to which it was taken for granted. Today like comment would be considered in execrable taste.

This, it seems to me, is because the assumptions on which our institutions and values are based have come to seem so dubious that any questioning of their validity appears indefensible and intolerable. In other words, accusations of bad taste are in reality no more than a means of evading disagreeable truths, a smoke screen to protect a tottering citadel from assaults which it has little hope of being able to withstand.

To the Scribes and Pharisees the Christian Gospel as preached by its Originator appeared in the worst possible taste. So, to the Christian church, did St. Francis

Critique of a slide show

Too many shots
Of scenic spots
Obscured by those
Who love to pose.

JAMES W. POWER

of Assisi's exaltation of poverty and contemptuous disregard for the acquisition of property. So, to the ecclesiastical authorities of his time, did John Bunyan's insistence on preaching and proclaiming truth as it had been revealed to him. The decision of St. Simeon Stylites to take up his residence on the top of a pillar rather than among his fellow humans must have struck many of them as in decidedly bad taste, as did the preference of John Wesley for preaching to the poor rather than seeking favors and preferment from the influential and the rich.

In our own time, Sir Winston Churchill was freely and venomously condemned for having the bad taste to draw attention to the disastrous defeat suffered by Neville Chamberlain at the Munich Conference, and to the ominous scale of German rearmament in the years before the outbreak of the 1939-45 war. His bad taste was such that the British Broadcasting Corporation (arbitrarily *par excellence* in this field) refused to allow him access to its microphones, while that temple of respectability and conformism, the Albert Hall, was denied him when he wished to hold a meeting there to protest against Chamberlain's appeasement policy.

For my own part, then, I should like to start a Society for the Preservation of Bad Taste, which has lately fallen into a sad decline. A Swift or a Hogarth, even a Max Beerbohm, would find it difficult today to get his work published, while comments in early issues of Punch on members of the royal family, on eminent politicians like Disraeli, and on cherished institutions like the Established Church, the Atheneum Club and the Brigade of Guards, would induce a fit of apoplexy in present-day readers, and make them think of me as, by comparison with the

then incumbent, a monument of respectability and conformity. Even the mealy-mouthed Times was once a veritable scold, with scant respect for those set in authority over us, before whom it now so consistently grovels.

Doubtless the change is due to the increasing sense of insecurity that has afflicted society in recent decades. Rabelais, though a cleric, was allowed to ridicule monasticism with impunity. He lived in an age of faith, and his contemporaries were not made uneasy by ridicule of the institutions that enshrined it. None of them, anyway, are on record as having accused him of bad taste, whereas today the faintest suggestion that gaiters are not necessarily synonymous with perfect propriety enrages the faithful.

Why, I was astonished to find that a not altogether favorable review of Kwame Nkrumah's lately published autobiography, and some not wholly sanguine observations on the translation of the Gold Coast colony into independent Ghana, called down on my head another torrent of abuse as being in the worst possible taste. How disgraceful, it was contended in yet one more batch of angry letters, to poke fun at Dr. Nkrumah who had so brilliantly and so courageously led his country to its deserved independence; who with his own hands had pulled down the Union Jack, replacing it with Ghana's own flag of red, yellow and brown, and who had been honored on this joyous and momentous occasion by the presence of the Duchess of Kent, Mr. R. A. Butler, not to mention Mr. Jagan from what is still known as British Guiana. Surely his finest hour deserved something better than ridicule, something more constructive than criticism.

To suggest otherwise was to be guilty of shocking taste. Yet was it? All social assumptions and institutions, as history shows, require constant checking if they are to be maintained in a healthy condition. And how can they be checked except by the exercise of what passes for bad taste? The principle of *lese majesté* was one of the factors that prepared the French monarchy for destruction. In the famous story of the Vain Emperor the situation is saved by the impertinent small boy, who shouts out that the Emperor is naked, and not, as he has persuaded himself and the rest of his subjects, clothed in exquisitely spun cloth. If no one dares to mention the Emperor's true condition for fear of being accused of bad taste, he will go shivering on his way to perdition.

Kings and prime ministers, all who, in Shakespeare's majestic phrase, are "drest in a little brief authority," are, after all, but men. It is highly desirable that this obvious, and in its way reassuring, circumstance should be drawn attention to from time to time. And one of the most effective ways of drawing attention to it is ridicule, which is notoriously and necessarily in bad taste. The grinning, unsightly gargoyles that stand below Salisbury Cathedral's exquisite steeple, in underlining its inadequacy, heighten its sublimity. They represent, on the part of their medieval creators, a deliberate gesture of bad taste, which, in relation to the rest of the edifice, adds to its glory.

The trouble is that, when authority is faltering, there is a natural tendency to bolster it up by means of taboos, one of

more effective of which is this con- of bad taste. Those who objected strongly to the suggestion that Sir Winston Churchill was becoming unfit to direct his country's affairs were precisely the ones who in their hearts most despised his capacity to continue in office, as those who were equally insistent in the prewar years that he should not replace Chamberlain (they were largely the same people) were secretly or subconsciously most doubtful about the efficacy of trying to placate Hitler and Mussolini.

On the same token, there was a telltale plaintive note in complaints about suggestions that Sir Anthony Eden was over-meandering, sick and subject to hysteria to provide decisive leadership—"Poor man, he's doing his best; why add to his difficulties?"

Incidentally, it is one of the more bizarre notions of this age that newspapers and magazines exist to help rather than hinder governments. Their historic function is to provide a mine field over which politicians and administrators must proceed warily and at their own risk. They are, in fact, repositories of bad taste or nothing.

In the case of comments upon morals and religion, the same difficulties arise. A recent issue of Punch applied itself to satirizing the highly indecent exploitation of sex for commercial purposes. Our target was the everlasting, and often

decidedly inappropriate, use of cheesecake to stimulate sales. Again the cry of bad taste was raised; again letters poured in bemoaning the fact that a magazine of hitherto unsullied reputation should lend itself to so unbecoming a theme.

Could absurdity be carried further? It was as though the great satirical draughtsman Hogarth should have been accused of encouraging drunkenness, gambling and other vices because, in his *Rake's Progress*, he demonstrated their disastrous consequences. As for religion—the mere suggestion that it encompasses laughter, along with all the other blessings bestowed upon human life, both shocks and enrages. When Miss Dorothy Sayers, with fine and pious mockery, demonstrated in the pages of *Punch* how materialism had come to usurp the imagery and idiom of faith—

The day that Nature gave us ending
The hand of Man turns on the light;
We praise thee, Progress, for defending
Our nerves against the dreadful night

vicarages, rectories and cathedral closes rose up in their wrath.

For myself, despite these grueling experiences, I remain impenitently a champion of bad taste. If I had a banner, that should be inscribed thereon; if I had a race horse, that should be its name. Life without bad taste would be, for me, pallid and flavorless. ★



London Letter continued from page 6

"The censor was realist enough to say that in musicals chorus girls are of first importance"

the unprotected theatregoers of Britain.

In that same club membership theatre I saw the banned play, Oscar Wilde, which had been openly performed in every other civilized capital in the world. In the form of drama, but based on complete authenticity, it presented one of the most pitiful tragedies in the story of the human race. Here was a man of genius who was at once a poet, a satirist and a voluptuary, whose whole life was a battle between genius and debauchery. Merely to see the play was to experience the uplifting quality of supreme tragedy.

But again came the verdict of the censor—only the attraction and not the tragedy of sex could be shown on the London stage.

Now if you and the Lord Chamberlain will forgive me I must come to the official attitude toward the female form which, without any alterations or improvements through the centuries, has retained its undoubted attraction. The Earl of Scarborough was realist enough to admit that in the theatre, especially in musical shows, the chorus girl was of primary importance. Having given deep thought to the subject he announced a ruling that would not have been unworthy of Solomon himself. This was his decree: a chorus girl could appear in the nude, providing she did not move but remained absolutely still.

But suppose the unfortunate girl contracted a cold in the head—a not unlikely happening in the British climate. And let us further suppose that she sneezed on the stage, thereby causing a motion of

her body. According to the law she would be summoned to the police court and duly fined, provided it was a first offence. But suppose the sneezing continued? The poor girl could get months in the jug.

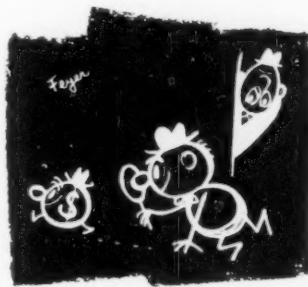
And now comes the most ridiculous part of the story. Someone discovered that according to the preposterous laws governing the British theatre the censorship does not apply to theatre membership clubs. In other words, if I wanted to form a theatre club in the section of London where I live, and charge a membership fee of, say, ten shillings a year, the laws of censorship would not apply to my productions.

Let me state in fairness that moveable nudes would probably not be tolerated. But on the other hand the Lord Chamberlain would not take exception to the theme of a play. Thus we have this idiotic situation in London: four or five theatres are putting on plays that are not available to the general public but only to those people who have paid an annual membership fee of perhaps one pound.

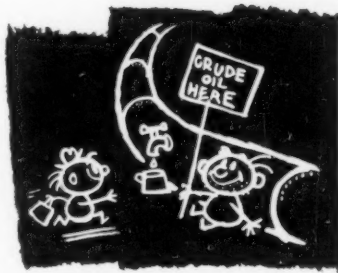
Again we must admit that, allowing for the basic foolishness of such a law, it does prevent the casual attendance of young people. That is the only thing that can be said for it.

Now if I may look at the British theatre as an important part of our national life, I must put on record that the classics do not come under this foolish law. Thus at the Old Vic Theatre, London's temple of the classics, it is quite in order

where the income dollar goes



In supplying hundreds of different oil products to Canadian consumers from coast to coast, Imperial last year took in a large number of dollars. What happened to a typical dollar?



Well, nearly 56 cents went to buy raw materials—notably crude oil—and for freight, a big item in a big country.



More than 26 cents went for operating and administrative costs, including wages and salaries, and for depreciation. Ten cents of each dollar went to various governments in taxes (this does not include the provincial gasoline tax).



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Should the QUEEN MOTHER be our next Governor- General?

Obscured by the smoke of political battle is another decision Canada must make soon. Who will follow Vincent Massey into Rideau Hall? Read in August *Chatelaine* why many Canadians would like Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother to be our next governor-general.

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BY DOCTOR ALASTAIR MACLEOD

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If you are killing your husband by kindness and rich foods, you'll want to take this advice from a leading Canadian nutritionist. And you'll learn how to save your husband's heart with our low-fat recipes.

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Chatelaine

for the Canadian Woman
A MACLEAN-HUNTER PUBLICATION

to produce the Greek tragedy Oedipus Rex in spite of the fact that it deals with a young man who inadvertently marries his mother.

The truth is that there should be no censorship of the theatre. But if censorship seems essential to our moral welfare then it should be set up by the theatre owners' association, just as the cinema industry appoints its own censor.

There is nothing in human relationships that cannot be dealt with in the drama, provided the author approaches his task with sincerity and integrity. That was how the ancient Greeks dealt with drama and no nation today has attained a civilization to compare with the Greece of Pericles, Euripides and even Aristophanes.

Nor is there any use trying to turn the calendar back to the smug standards of Victorian times and pretend that sex is something shameful. Sex is the basis of human life. What every man and woman of sensibility must resent is that the word sex is used so much in its physical sense.

The element of sex permeates the mind and the spirit and is fundamental in the expressive arts. There is sex in the Liebestod at the end of the Tristan episode

when Isolde, just before her death, soars to a last lingering note while the orchestra reaches toward the glorious major chord that ends the opera. There is sex in the hauntingly beautiful women's trio in Strauss's *Rosenkavalier*. There is sex symbolized by the mother with her infant in her arms in the homes of the nation.

Forgive me for departing from my normal task of picturing the London scene and the British way of doing things; but I hate to see the growth of these little membership theatres, not because they put on plays that are necessarily obscene or furtive, but because they are the by-product of a censorship that should not exist.

Let the Lord Chamberlain confine himself to his important and variegated tasks as Controller of the Royal Household. Let him consider the claims of fond mammas to have their daughters presented at court, and further let him decide who shall or shall not be admitted to the Royal Enclosure at Ascot.

These are enough duties for any man without administering the office of play censor—an office that encourages what it tries to restrain. ★



Theo Parker's war against the state

Continued from page 14

"He has almost as many friends as enemies. If someone says no, they claim Parker says yes"

Hog Board and Theo Parker clashed head-on.

It is said of Theo Parker that if someone says no he'll say yes. According to his friends, who are almost as numerous as his enemies, he is outspoken, argumentative, and distrustful of authority. Depending on one's viewpoint he's either a natural-born rebel or an old-fashioned liberal.

His staunchest supporter is his wife Laura, a short plump voluble woman, active in the Women's Institute since her two sons grew up. She has helped Parker through the rough-and-tumble of local politics in Ellice Township, where Parker's farm is located, with a box score of seven defeats and twelve victories. He's been reeve of Ellice seven times and warden of Perth County once. He was Liberal candidate in the 1945 federal election, and he lost in characteristic fashion.

Just before the election a delegation of Protestants pointed out that Ottawa's choice for county judge was a Catholic—the second in a row. Another man might have made a perfunctory protest in the hope of appeasing the Protestants and escaping the rancor of Catholics. Not Parker, a Presbyterian. His protest was so vigorous that it brought a change of judges and cost him Catholic support. He lost the election by a hundred and seventy votes.

Parker and his wife live in a small brick cottage on the outskirts of Stratford. Last year, at fifty-three, he gave his son the Parker homestead and one hundred acres in Ellice first tilled in 1853 by his English-born grandfather. On the hundred acres he has left he grows grain and corn to feed his cattle, pride of his life.

Though he spent less than two years

in high-school he's read a good deal of law in his long career as a rural politician. Three years ago Stratford optioned an old gravel pit in Ellice Township for use as a dump. The farmer across the road, who took pride in his grounds, came to Parker for help. Parker phoned Stratford's then-mayor, Lawrence Feick. The municipal act was quite clear, he told Feick. "You have to get the township's permission to put that dump out here and that's something you'll never get"—an accurate prophecy.

Theo Parker also knows his hogs. He's been raising fifty to seventy-five a year since the age of eighteen. In March 1953 he sent ten hogs with a drover to the J. M. Schneider plant at Kitchener. But his cheque came, not from Schneider's, but from United Livestock Sales, the Hog Board's selling agency, and the board had deducted a fee of twenty-four cents a hog from his sale price.

ULS was then selling all the hogs brought to the public stockyards in Toronto. ULS salesmen dickered several times a week with a packer or two and set the price at the highest bid they could get. Toronto prices usually prevailed across the province, though if one area had a surplus of hogs that was holding down the price, ULS could truck the surplus to wherever hogs were scarce. ULS sold only nine percent of the hogs in Ontario but the Hog Board figured every producer benefited, and every producer was therefore charged the twenty-four-cent sales fee.

Parker figured differently. He fired off a blistering letter to the Farmer's Advocate at London, Ont. "If I'm capable of raising and feeding my hogs," he wrote, "I'm capable of selling them." A dozen farmers wrote him their agreement.

The amount he paid the Hog Board that year wasn't much more than six dollars. But it was the principle: "They can have a co-op on every corner," he says. "Just don't tell me I have to belong to it. If I don't patronize it I don't figure any guy's got the right to take a deduction off me."

The more he thought about it the madder he got. At the county-council meeting in January 1954 he moved they ask Ontario to abolish the marketing agency. The vote went nine to seven against him. But the Canadian Press picked up his remark that Hog Board members were "legalized bandits."

Promptly, a group from the Perth County Hog Producers' Association came to the council demanding that Parker take back his statement. Parker merely spelled out the meaning of legalized bandit. "You get your legality from the Province of Ontario," he told them, "and a bandit is a man who takes money that doesn't belong to him."

Over the next few months Hog Board supporters several times told him to go hire a hall. Mrs. Parker thought it a fine idea. In September Stratford's radio station CJCS proclaimed that "a meeting of all hog producers opposed to the marketing scheme will be held in the city hall."

The hall was packed. Drovers, resentful of regulations, acted as taxis. The Hog Board's Charlie McInnis was there, but whenever he spoke Parker spoke too. The audience was split roughly in half. Farmers stood in the aisles, heckling, booing or cheering the speakers. At one time in the hot debate McInnis left the platform to fetch his brief case, in which he had figures to back up a point. Before he could get back Parker had closed the meeting and was handing out petitions calling on the Ontario Government to abolish the sales agency. "Theo," said police chief Alf Day afterward, "you put on the best show in town since the festival closed."

Parker sent the petitions to places where farmers come in to do business—creameries, flour and feed mills—getting their names from old telephone books. He asked his supporters to send in a dollar. "No one man can fight the province alone," he says.

The signed forms came back from as far east as Ottawa, from Windsor in the west and Orillia in the north. One farmer sent sixty-five dollars in two installments. An anonymous donor sent sixty dollars rolled up in a calendar. Drovers contributed. In all, some three thousand dollars came in. At the Bank of Commerce in Stratford Parker opened a new account: Theodore Parker—Special.

By November he had more than three thousand signatures. He presented them to Premier Frost at a meeting in Toronto, at which he told Frost all he thought was wrong with the Hog Board. It added up to the fact that the board existed.

"Mr. Parker," said Frost, "we make the law. If the Hog Board is abusing it, that's up to you."

Parker pointed out that a marketing board must be voted in by two thirds of all the producers, according to the Farm Products Marketing Act. A vote had been taken in 1945. The Farm Products Marketing Board had registered 31,796 producers and 98.6 percent of the voters were for the Hog Board. But the 1941 census, said Parker, had counted 123,000 hog producers. "Is your law valid?" he asked.

"I don't know," Frost said frankly.

"Well, we'll find out," Parker said.

Back in Stratford he called on Nelson McFarlane, a former Toronto lawyer who prefers Stratford's leisurely tempo. "I'm in need of a lawyer, Mr. McFarlane. This

here Hog Board, it's unnecessary and it's illegal. You look after the legal end, and we'll lick her."

McFarlane drew up a writ in January 1955 that challenged the power of the board to act, its orders and regulations and its right to appoint ULS as its sales agent. Before the case could come up, the Ontario Government shored up the marketing act with eleven pages of amendments. The Hog Producers' Association met and set up a co-op to replace United Livestock Sales. McFarlane felt these moves made it hopeless to continue.

He asked the judge for a hundred dollars costs and got it. "That left the way open to bring another action," Parker says.

Having knocked out ULS he now set his sights on the co-op. "I couldn't afford to quit," he says. "I couldn't let them walk over me. When people hand you a dollar bill and say, 'Don't quit, Mr. Parker,' what are you going to do?" Once again he mailed out petition forms, heading them "We want a vote."

That fall the Hog Board stepped up its information campaign. Parker raided their meetings at Wingham, Exeter, Mark-

dale and Chesley. "There's a Judas Iscariot among us tonight," said McInnis at one meeting. Be careful, countered Parker at Ayr, of "the smiling dictators of Queen's Park," who will "pat you on the back with one hand and pick your pocket with the other."

At Markdale, Mrs. Parker was ushered to a chair by the Hog Board secretary, Jim Boynton, who had never seen his opponents before. Then Boynton mounted the platform. He held up several of Parker's petitions. "I got these things from a creamery, a housewife, a barber



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and an undertaker. Who does this man Parker think he is?"

Parker, at the back of the hall, lifted his husky voice. "Ladies and gentlemen — People stared at the six-foot-six stranger. "I'm Theodore Parker." There was a sudden silence. "I want to tell you I didn't mail any petitions to barbers or undertakers. If Mr. Boynton has some they must be phoney."

"Get up on the platform!" someone yelled. The Hog Board committee objected. But people kept shouting. "Let Parker talk!" Boynton finally agreed to give him ten minutes.

As Parker began to speak the crowd booed. Mrs. Parker jumped to her feet. "This is the most disgraceful thing I ever saw!" she cried. "And that's my husband!" The crowd hushed. Parker continued. Afterward, several hundred people lingered outside, arguing until four in the morning.

By fall, however, only twenty-seven hundred signatures had come in. "It's easier to get dollars than signatures," Parker says. "If a guy's neighbors see his name on a petition they'll come around and give him hell. Farmers don't want to get into fights with their neighbors."

The petition served its main purpose: to show that Parker had tried to get a vote before he took the court action he was preparing. In September he had sent two hogs to the Schneider packing house and threatened suit unless Tom Gourlay, the buyer, paid him his cheque direct. Gourlay realized that Parker was setting up a test case. It put him squarely between the board and the pugnacious farmer. He held the cheque for a month, then gave it to Parker.

The Hog Board held a meeting at Wingham a few days later. McInnis was the speaker. Parker stood up. "Mr. McInnis," he said, "you say you've got the law. If I get a cheque direct from Schneider's I'm breaking the law. Well, Mr. McInnis, here's the cheque." He waved it in front of the disbelieving Hog Board officials. "You've got the law," he said. "Now use it."

He half expected to be arrested over Thanksgiving. McFarlane, away for the holiday, had told him before he left. "If they pick you up, don't send for me. You sit in jail and don't ask for bail." Parker wasn't concerned at first, he says, "but as time went on, you know, it kind of got me."

But the Hog Board didn't charge him. The fight continued all fall, with the board claiming that drovers and truckers were cheating the farmer. The board had raised prices, its champions declared, it had held them steady at the higher levels, and once it was marketing all the hogs it would raise prices again.

Parker denied that farmers had to do business with people who cheat them. The board, he claimed, caused hogs to be handled one extra time, resulting in loss of weight and quality and lower profit. Supply and demand still set the price, he insisted. If the board set the price too high, packers would buy in Winnipeg. People would turn to beef and fowl. Was the Hog Board going to force people to buy pork, he asked?

In November he went to Toronto and paid twenty-five cents for a look at the co-op's charter. Two weeks later he charged that the co-op was just an eleven-man company. Some of its eleven directors weren't hog producers and thus couldn't qualify as co-op members, he said. The by-laws, he claimed, provide that a farmer, on marketing through the co-op, becomes a member and "shall be so notified" by the co-op. Nobody had been notified, Parker said. In any case

the by-law was "ridiculous." It gave the farmer ten days to notify the co-op if he didn't want to become a member.

"No co-op can pass a by-law making me a member against my will," Parker told the Canadian Press, "any more than a mining company can pass a by-law making me a shareholder."

As Parker readied his case for court the Ontario Government once again whisked out the rug from under him. Premier Frost asked the federal government to refer the marketing act to the Supreme Court of Canada. Frost wanted an answer to the question Parker had asked him in 1954: was the act legal?

In January this year the Supreme Court decided that a sales fee such as the one set by the Hog Board was indeed an indirect tax and therefore illegal

if it were more than the actual expense of making a sale. The court also ruled, as it had before, that marketing boards had no right to regulate interprovincial trade. So far Parker had won a partial victory. But he lost the war on a court ruling that the federal government could legally delegate its authority in both instances. In April Ottawa introduced new legislation that gives the Province of Ontario full control of agricultural products.

The only public objections came from Parker, who wired a protest to Walter Harris, the incumbent finance minister, and from the Canadian Association of Consumers, whose brief to the prime minister said that the board had monopolistic powers which could be used "without question, to the detriment of Canadian consumers."

Throughout the whole dispute the packers said little. I asked Jack Whyte, the forthright young president of Stratford's Whyte Packing Company, for his views. "The marketing system," he said, "is predicated on the assumption that somebody's making a fortune. Well, I can name you a dozen packing houses you can buy cheap and it isn't because they're making a lot of money. I guess there's nothing runs a closer margin than meat. We make about one per cent on our sales dollar. Even the big boys have a hard time satisfying their shareholders."

I suggested the co-op might keep packers from fixing prices. "No packer trusts another packer," he said. "We have to have hogs. Competition has always been rough at the buying level. Long before the co-ops came into existence eight or nine packers were roaming this countryside, shopping around, bidding against each other."

Parker agrees. "No packer's ever taken me for a ride," he says. "This law, it's only fit for an Iron Curtain country. Why, these people can come on your farm and demand to see your bankbook. They can tell you how many hogs you can produce and what quality. They can fix the price. They can stop your truck on the road. They can license every farmer, trucker and packer—that means a man can't even produce hogs unless they say so."

"It's absolute state control," affirms Parker's lawyer, Nelson McFarlane, an after-hours farmer on land alongside Parker's. "We've got a benevolent government administering the act now. But suppose a Communist government came in tomorrow—they wouldn't have to change one bit of it."

The fight may not be over. The Hog Board has not yet been voted in. Parker contends, by a majority of producers. "They've got to give us a vote," he says, "and when they do we'll whop them."

"Anybody knows you can't put in another middle-man and still give the farmer more money. What they really want is to give the farmer security. That's one thing you can't give a farmer. You raise your stock and take a chance on the market. You sow your grain and take a chance on the crop—sometimes you don't even get your seed back. The only security is to be a good farmer, and they want to take money off the good farmers and divvy it up. When you do that, why quality don't mean a thing. Take one of our neighbors. The manure in his barn is so high the cattle have to stoop down to get out. We take pride in our cattle. Why should we share our profits with him?"

Here we come to the philosophical core of the dispute. Parker sees these conditions as a challenge. The co-ops see them as a risk. Parker sees them as the reason for the farmer's historic independence, his pride and initiative. The co-ops see them as all the more reason why farmers should organize to protect themselves.

The battle has settled down to long-range sniping—from the public platform, in newspaper columns. Neither side seems aware that there is any middle ground.

In a speech last year to the Hog Producers' Association, president Charles McInnis stated his position this way: "As we face the challenge," he said, "let us remember the words of Lincoln: 'There are only two principles at stake—right and wrong.'"

Parker's position is summed up in a verse which, he says, "couldn't be truer of compulsory marketing."

Once we had a wooden plough
And we raised enough to sell
But we have a tractor now
And life's a living hell. ★

CANADIANECDOTE



George Birnie saw a royal error and hurried off his silver to London.

When P.E.I.'s money was holey

In these days of industrial expansion one danger facing Canada is inflation. A century ago Prince Edward Island had to deal with a financial problem of another kind: how to keep money in an island where a majority of people farmed and fished for what they needed and did little cash trading. Various methods were tried.

One of the most curious involved the Spanish silver dollar. Spanish dollars had circulated in the New World since the days of buccaneers. By the end of the eighteenth century they were being exchanged at a premium in Halifax, and so they flowed in volume out of P. E. I.

The island's governor, Charles Douglass Smith, decided to stop the ruinous flow. By a proclama-

tion issued in 1813 the coins were called into Charlottetown, and the centres were punched out and given the value of a shilling. The remainder—a doughnut-shaped piece that came to be called a "holey" dollar—was worth five shillings. The mutilated coins were not acceptable, of course, outside the island and so the governor's plan to keep the coins at home seemed to have worked.

But one Charlottetown Scot named George Birnie realized that the metal in the punched-out pieces was worth much more than one shilling. He collected all the centre-pieces he could lay his hands on and shipped them to England to be sold as bullion. His cleverness came to nothing, however, when the ship carrying the coins was lost at sea.

CAROL LINDSAY

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE



ALLEN

ROCKETT

HILL

CROYDON

Meet the prizewinners

Among the pleasant things that happen every summer—or nearly every summer—is the opportunity given this department to do a little gloating over the honors won by staff members and close associates in the literary and artistic fields. We don't delude ourselves that these baubles mean as much to you as they mean to us, but we're going to tell you about them anyway. In this year's awards—for last year's achievements—Maclean's contributors and editors hit the jackpot seventeen times, in New York, Montreal, Toronto and other centres. Our best year. Here's the list:

Pierre Berton: The Governor-General's Award for creative non-fiction, for his book, *The Mysterious North*, a large part of which ran first in Maclean's.

Sidney Katz: The President's Medal (of the University of Western Ontario) for the best article by a Canadian, for his Maclean's article, *The Seven Who Survived*.

Robert Thomas Allen: The Leacock Medal for Humor, for his book *The Grass Is Never Greener*, based mostly on his long series of funny pieces in Maclean's.

James Hill: A Plaque Award of the Art Directors' Club of Montreal, for his painting illustrating Maclean's Christmas feature, *What The Dead Sea Scrolls Mean To The Christian Faith*; the same club's Medal Certificate, for his illustration of the story *The Harvester*, which also carried off the Toronto Art Directors' Club's Certificate of Distinctive Merit; the Award of Distinctive Merit, New York Art Directors' Club, for his illustration of the story, *Escape to the City*.

Gene Aliman: The Toronto Art

Directors' Club's Certificate of Distinctive Merit, and the Montreal Club's Medal Certificate—in both cases for his layout of *The Life-line*, a unit in the series, *Bruce Hutchison Rediscovered the Unknown Country*.

Peter Croydon: The Toronto Art Directors' Club's Certificate of Distinctive Merit for a 4-color photograph, for his photograph of Saskatchewan; the Montreal Club's Medal Certificate for his 4-color photograph of the Chinook Arch, both illustrating articles in the *Bruce Hutchison* series.

Desmond English: The Montreal Art Directors' Club's Medal Certificate for his layout of *The Nativity Story* in the last Christmas issue.

Paul Rockett: The Toronto Art Directors' Club's Certificate of Distinctive Merit for a black-and-white photograph, for his photograph of pianist Glenn Gould.

Oscar Cahen: The Toronto Club's Certificate of Distinctive Merit for a 4-color fiction illustration, for his work on *Mr. Benturian* and the *Beautiful Palimpsest*. The deceased artist's award was accepted by Gene Aliman, Maclean's art director.

As a magazine Maclean's also received a public safety award from the Ontario Safety League. We shared with our sister magazine, *Chatelaine*, a special national award from the Canadian Mental Health Association. And we are the proud custodians of a cup awarded annually by the Canadian Tourist Association to the publication contributing most to the development of Canada's historical and cultural assets.

Maybe we'll live down that election forecast yet!



ALIMAN

BERTON

ENGLISH

KATZ

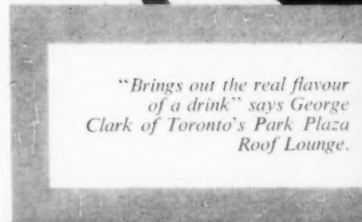
Bartenders agree—

CANADA DRY SPARKLING WATER

is the important 4/5ths of your drink



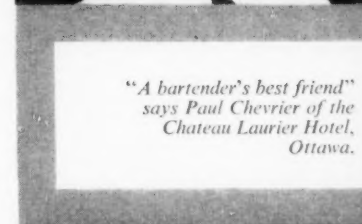
"Adds a zesty lightness all its own" says Stuart Hollander of the Hotel Vancouver's Mayfair Room.



"Brings out the real flavour of a drink" says George Clark of Toronto's Park Plaza Roof Lounge.



"Subtle flavours are brought to perfection" says Geoffrey Dutton of the Maritime Bar, Ritz Carlton Hotel, Montreal.



"A bartender's best friend" says Paul Chevrier of the Chateau Laurier Hotel, Ottawa.



"Sharpens the taste of a good drink" says Harry Arger of the Times Square Lounge in Toronto's King Edward Sheraton Hotel.



YES, when it comes to mixing a really good drink, you can't beat a professional bartender's advice. That's why so many people are mixing their own drinks with Canada Dry Sparkling Water. You can taste the difference right away. Your drinks have a sparkle they never had before—a lighter, zesty taste. Elusive flavours are brought out to delicate perfection. Make Canada Dry Sparkling Water the important 4/5ths of your next drink—the professional way.

CANADA DRY *Sparkling Water*

a family adventure



BOB HOPE



World famed comedy star, headlines the lavish Evening Grandstand Spectacular every night at 8:15 p.m., with top entertainers, dancers, singers . . . climaxed by a gigantic fireworks display.

ORDER YOUR TICKETS NOW
MAIL ORDERS CLOSE AUG. 19, 1957

RINGLING BROS. BARNUM & BAILEY CIRCUS
Don't miss "The Greatest Show On Earth" at the exciting Afternoon Grandstand Show.
FIRST WEEK ONLY Aug. 26, 27, 28, 29, 30 and 31, at 2:30 p.m.

NEW MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR QUEEN ELIZABETH BUILDING

An exciting new setting for Fashion Shows and Women's Activities with a 1,350 seat theatre.

SPORTS GALORE

World Champion Aquatic stars, track and field meets, plus Canada's Olympic training plan.

VISIT CANADA'S SPORTS HALL OF FAME

WORLD'S LARGEST AGRICULTURAL BUILDING

Canada's prize-winning livestock, dairy products, poultry, fruit, grain and vegetables, on display . . . dog shows, cat shows.

NATIONAL HORSE SHOW

Aug. 23, 24, 26, 27, 28, 29 in the Coliseum.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITS

The famed products of countries all over the world.

MILE OF MIDWAY

New rides, new shows, new games.

WORLD OF WOMEN

Cooking schools, fashion shows, give-away home, music, flowers and the latest appliances and furnishings.

FOOD PRODUCTS BUILDING

Centre of attraction for almost three million people.

IRISH GUARDS BAND

World-celebrated band from England daily on the Bandshell.

INTERNATIONAL AIR SHOW

Breathtaking two hour show Sept. 6 and 7 only.

CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION

Enjoy one of the greatest events of your lifetime . . . the Canadian National Exhibition, the largest annual exhibition in the world, opening August 23rd. Fourteen glorious days of exciting entertainment. Bob Hope and Ringling Bros. Barnum & Bailey Circus in two gigantic grandstand shows . . . 54 buildings filled with the newest wonders of science, industry, agriculture and the arts . . .

**AUG. 23
to SEPT. 7th**

CANADA ON DISPLAY

Fred T. Walsh, President
Hiram E. McCallum, General Manager



Parade

The fish that got away

Sportsman's report from Saskatoon: "Efficient city fellow invites me to cottage for day's fishing. Hundred-mile drive to neat cabin, shipshape boat complete with tools for motor and first-aid kit in tackle box. Catch several fish and he competently lands them all. Return to cabin at dusk and he deftly fillets fish on dock. Leaves me to clean up while he takes fish heads etc. out to dump in middle of lake. Find he has left heads behind and dumped fillets. Hundred-mile drive home."

* * *

Maybe you looked at the cover on this issue and said, "Ha, ha—don't these artists cook up the darndest ideas." So now read this dispatch from Parade's movie reviewer in Smithers, B.C., about a recent performance at one of Canada's more northerly drive-in theatres: "The setting is simply beautiful. I have never seen so many falling stars in all my life. They kept falling behind the screen continuously. Then when it became pitch-dark the northern lights came out and danced across the sky. The picture was terrible."

* * *

Agricultural report from Thornhill, Ont.: A tiny tree, lovingly planted last fall by a suburban gardener and hopefully watched for signs of life all spring and summer, hasn't put out a bud. A branch pruned from a nearby apple tree and used as a stake to mark its place in the snowdrifts over the winter is flourishing with a full set of leaves.

* * *

There's nothing like fringe benefits to win employees and keep them happy, and the secretary of Meadow Lake, Sask.,

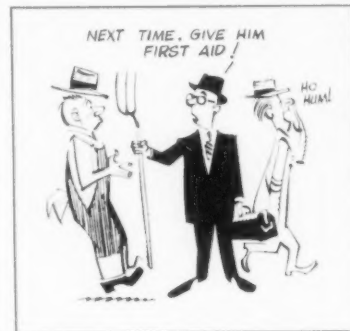


School Unit No. 66 doesn't overlook a thing in his constant search for good teachers. He finished a recent classified ad in the Saskatoon Star-Phoenix, offering positions for nine teachers and a vice-principal: "Meadow Lake area is at present the hottest fishing spot in Canada."

* * *

We have on the solemn assurance of a reverend gentleman from Carberry, Man., this sobering story of a Carberry Plains farmer who engaged a hand to drive a grain truck at threshing time. The farmer ran the combine and the new

truck driver had hauled a couple of loads away in the prairie heat. But the next time the dump was full and the farmer waved the hired man to pull up to the combine, the truck didn't move. It was just dusk and when the farmer walked



over to where the truck was parked he found the poor fellow slumped against the door, one arm hanging limply over the side, head thrown back and mouth open. He made a panting race to the house and the phone and the doctor made a better race of it out from town, where he was able to provide effective first aid by shaking the victim and waking him up.

* * *

There's a housewife in White Rock, B.C., who about this time of year renews her annual battle with white butterflies which plague her garden. She has even contrived a net mounted on the end of a long broom handle to catch them with, so determined is she not to have them laying eggs all over the place. She spent an athletic Saturday afternoon, bounding about the yard like a badminton player, snaffling a great score of the enemy, and eventually retiring to the house satisfied with the day's kill. Through the window she noted her husband conferring over the back fence with a neighbor; then a moment later hubby burst into the house roaring with laughter and carrying a bottle containing two of the largest white butterflies she'd ever seen. "Mr. Jones thinks you have such an interesting hobby," gasped her husband, "and wants you to have these two excellent specimens to add to your collection."

* * *

When the clerk in the Winnipeg department store asked the young woman whether she wanted a fine or coarse mesh hairnet and what shade, please, she was baffled to hear her say it didn't really matter. "It's for my gold fish," she explained. "They are so lively I put it over the top of their bowl and it keeps them from jumping out."

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

Sealy SALE!

TWIN BED ENSEMBLES

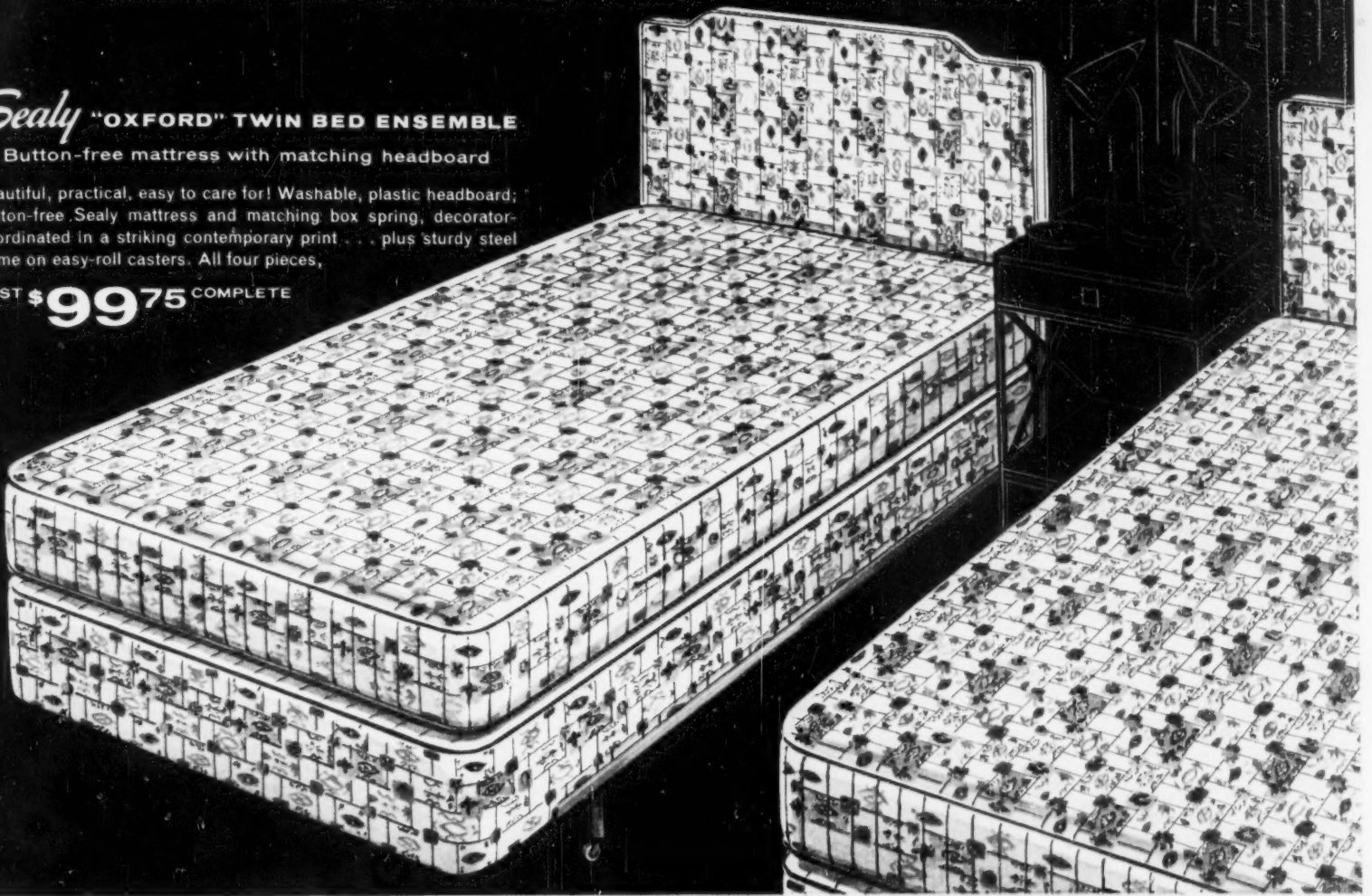
Specially priced during Sealy's Golden Sleep Sale

Sealy "OXFORD" TWIN BED ENSEMBLE

Button-free mattress with matching headboard

Beautiful, practical, easy to care for! Washable, plastic headboard; button-free Sealy mattress and matching box spring, decorator-coordinated in a striking contemporary print . . . plus sturdy steel frame on easy-roll casters. All four pieces,

JUST **\$99⁷⁵** COMPLETE

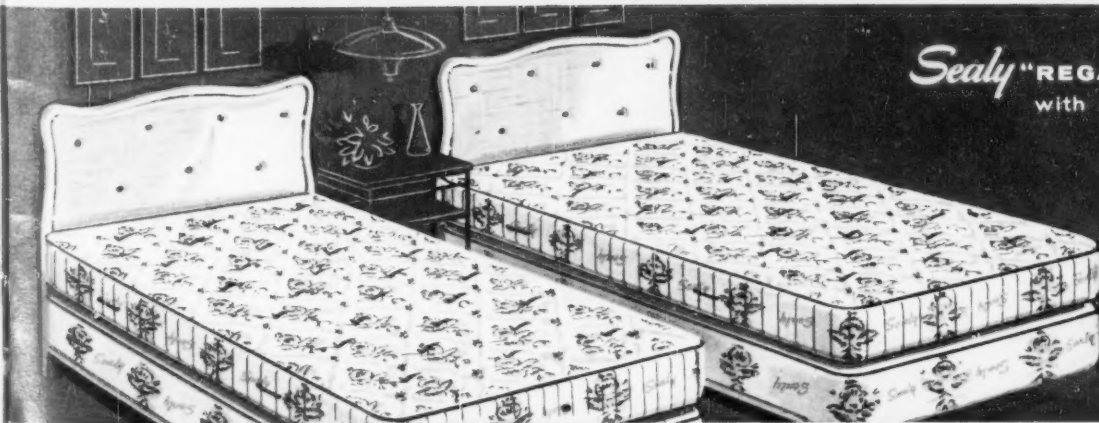


Sealy "REGAL" TWIN BED ENSEMBLE

with washable plastic headboard

The smart set young America's looking for! Famous Sealy mattress for years of comfort; matching box spring for properly balanced support; upholstered plastic headboard . . . plus sturdy steel frame on easy-roll casters. All four pieces at this value-packed price!

JUST **\$89⁷⁵** COMPLETE



Sealy "DORSET" TWIN BED ENSEMBLE

Button-free mattress with bookcase headboard

The ultimate in modern living! Gray mist finish wooden bookcase headboard with sliding panels; luxuriously smooth, button-free Sealy mattress and coordinated box spring in smart striped cover . . . plus steel frame on easy-roll casters.

ALL FOUR PIECES,
JUST **\$119⁷⁵** COMPLETE



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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, AUGUST 3, 1957